

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1883.

CONTENTS.

1. A PERSONAL VISIT TO DISTRESSED IRELAND. Part II. <i>By the Editor</i>	305
2. TONQUIN, ANNAM, AND FRANCE. <i>By the Very Rev. Canon Shortland</i>	329
3. THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS OF THE ROMAN FORUM	341
4. MR. GLADSTONE AND GARIBOLDI. <i>By the Rev. William Loughnan</i>	352
5. THE FISHER WIFE'S STORY. <i>By Frances Kershaw</i>	364
6. THE PLACE OF SACRAMENTS IN RELIGION. <i>By the Rev. William Humphrey</i>	367
7. THE BOTANY OF ALBERTUS MAGNUS. <i>By L. Martial Klein</i>	382
8. ANNE BOLEYN IN A NEW CHARACTER. <i>By the Rev. Joseph Stevenson</i>	397
9. THE DOMESTIC SIDE OF PUBLIC LIFE. <i>By the Rev. J. G. MacLeod</i>	411
10. A HUSBAND'S STORY	419
REVIEWS	432
1. St. Francis de Sales' Letters to Persons in the World. Translated by Rev. H. B. Mackey, O.S.B. 2. Records of the English Province S.J. Vol. VII. Part II. By Henry Foley. 3. The Works of Orestes A. Brownson. Vol. II. 4. Principles of Health. By Louis King, M.R.C.S. 5. Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse. Par Ernest Renan. 6. Lingard's History of England. New Edition. 7. On Blue Water. By J. F. Keane.	
LITERARY RECORD	452
I.—Books and Pamphlets. II.—Magazines.	

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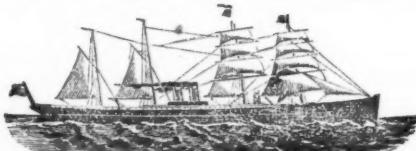
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A Personal Visit to Distressed Ireland.

PART THE SECOND.

IT is not easy, in treating a subject in which national or party feeling runs high, to discuss it with an unprejudiced judgment and a dispassionate accuracy of statement. In burning questions it is not easy to keep cool. It is not easy to keep one's eyes open with equal vigilance and discrimination to the faults on both sides, and to the excuses which may be urged in alleviation of these faults. In dealing with the state of Ireland this difficulty is continually present to my mind. I find that most men have their judgment warped by facts which present only one side of the case. Some cowardly outrage or cruel act of oppression, some personal wrong, inflicted by tyrannizing landlord or ungrateful tenantry, makes their blood boil, and at once they lose their power of appreciating the general bearings of the question as a whole. Their intelligence becomes like a compass in the presence of iron, and begins to go all wrong.

It is for this reason that I must repeat the appeal I have already made to the forbearance of my readers. My object in these papers is to narrate, so far as I can, with accuracy and unbiased judgment, what I saw and heard. To the best of my ability I sifted the value of the statements made to me. I do not make myself responsible for each and all of them except where I adopt them as my own.¹ I do but recount what I saw and heard, as I saw and heard it. I have tried to state

¹ Since writing my last article I have been informed on the best authority that the cottages I visited at Loughlin were not on the property administered by the kind-hearted agent whom I have described as "Master Charlie," but on a neighbouring estate. I had carried away a false impression, I know not how. Where two estates are conterminous, it is not easy for a passing stranger to distinguish their limits. I should be sorry to do any sort of injustice to a landlord who, if he is an absentee, has expended large sums in improvements on the estate and in relieving distress in times of famine, and has supported his agent in whatever was proposed for the amelioration of the tenants' condition. Still more sorry should I be to cast any slur on "Master Charlie," whose exertions in behalf of the poor tenantry deserve all praise.

facts rather than my own deductions from them. If I seem to narrate coldly scenes of injustice or cruelty, it is because I wish facts to speak for themselves, without any attempt on my part to dress them up in tawdry rhetoric ; if, on the other hand, I do not declaim against outrage and lawlessness, it is because I am simply narrating those things which I myself witnessed, and happily did not encounter either one or the other during my visit to Ireland.

The visit to Loughglin, of which I spoke in my last article, had detained me so long that it was nearly six o'clock before we reached Ballaghaderreen, and sat down at Father O'Hara's hospitable table in the Presbytery. The Bishop of Achonry, Dr. MacCormack, honoured us with his presence at dinner, and I soon found myself quite at home with the good Bishop and his priests. I do not know when I have enjoyed a more useful or interesting discussion than on that evening and the following, when the Bishop entertained us at his own house. The clergy present were, for the most part, strong in their sympathy with the people. But they had none of that unreasoning and unreasonable prejudice that I occasionally met with elsewhere. They were men of remarkable intelligence and acuteness, and were ready to support their every statement and opinion by fact and argument. I made it my business to put forward, as well as I could, the English view of Irish politics as held by fair-minded and educated Englishmen, in order that I might enter into and appreciate the opposite side of the question. My host and his fellow priests were anxious that their English visitor should have an opportunity of learning the depth of Irish sentiment, and of understanding the cause of Irish discontent. Sometimes we waxed into a friendly warmth, and the discussion became animated, and the good Bishop, who acted as moderator, had to be appealed to. He invariably stated his opinion with a calm impartiality which carried conviction, and with the persuasiveness of one whose words came from a heart loving his people, and from a judgment mellowed by long experience.

I took no notes of the conversation, and will not attempt to reproduce it. My object was rather to retain a general impression than to gather up distinct statements. But I remember one argument which specially struck me. It was urged in advocacy of the Irish as opposed to the English view of land tenure. The thesis I maintained was that by the natural law land improved or reclaimed belonged to the landowner, and not to

the tenant, and that the latter could not make any claim for even the most extensive improvements if a previous contract had not been made. The view of my entertainers, on the other hand, was that if no compensation were made by the landlord, the tenant had a right in natural justice at least to consider land as his own property which he had reclaimed from being waste by the labour of his own hands. If to the painter, they argued, belongs the picture painted on another man's canvas, to the tenant belongs the fruitful field produced on the barren ground of another. When I urged in reply that the painter adds to the property of his neighbour the skilful painting which the canvas merely serves to support, whereas in reclaimed ground the tenant merely transforms the materials already existing there, I was met with the fact that the tenant who reclaims bog-land has to carry with his own hands the gravel and the earth necessary to form the soil which must be placed upon the bog, and the manure which is necessary for the produce of a crop, so that the parallel in this respect also holds good, and the claim of the tenant corresponds to that of the artist.

I adduce this argument not so much for its intrinsic value or for its bearing on the question I have already entered upon, as because it was one instance out of many of the acuteness and intelligence with which they supported their position. Rarely have I learned more from my friendly discussion than I did from the Bishop of Achonry and the Administrator and the curates of Ballaghaderreen.

One point which interested me much was the general state of religion throughout the country. Had the agitation shaken the submission of the people to ecclesiastical authority? How was it that the priests had taken part in it, when they knew that there was always a danger of its overstepping the bounds of justice? Did they not put themselves in a false position by this meddling in political questions, and so run the risk of doing harm to religion by their interference? I can only record the opinions of those best qualified to judge. A priest of great weight and long and wide experience, who had just finished a retreat to men in one of the leading churches in Dublin, told me that never had the attendance of men at the churches and at the sacraments been so large as it is at present. At the same time he added his conviction that the unsettled state of the country and the prevalent agitation necessarily had an

unfavourable effect on religion in general and on the spirit of submission in particular. In Mayo I was assured that the intelligence of the people very clearly distinguished between submission to the temporal and to the spiritual power, and while they had no love for the authority of the former, and scarcely acknowledged its claim to their allegiance, they were not a whit the less loyal to the latter. As far as I could judge, the opinions of men, whether priests or laymen, respecting the state of religion depended, to a great extent, on their political sympathies. The enemy of the National League took the darkest view of the effects of agitation on religion. Its friend declared that religion had received no harm from it. Here in Ballaghaderreen (though I am not quoting the opinion of any one individual) the clergy seemed to be convinced that the faith of the people had in no way been seriously affected by the wave of political excitement that swept over the land.

But one impression was almost universally prevalent, that the present is a very critical juncture for Ireland and for the faith of the children of St. Patrick. An ardent Nationalist among the priests of Mayo told me that he thought that the suppression of the Land League was an enormous blessing for Ireland, for, had it continued, the agitators, who had already gone beyond what the priests could sanction, might have sought to draw the people away from their spiritual guides, and incalculable evil might have been the result. As it was, the mischief, he said, was stopped in time. In answer to my objection that the priest who threw himself into the agitation was to some extent responsible for its excesses, I was assured that even if the spirit of patriotism and of justice had not prompted the union of the priests with their people in the wave of excitement which swept over Ireland, yet that prudence would have forbidden them to stand aloof. The people have the healthy instinct of looking to the priest as their guide in matters temporal as well as spiritual, of asking his advice, and trusting his judgment in what concerns this life as well as the next. The excitement of feeling was so great, that if the priests had altogether stood aloof and had not, so far as their consciences allowed, joined with the people in their outcry, they would have been in danger of forfeiting this invaluable influence, and would have been regarded as out of sympathy with their oppressed flock. Apart from this, most of them—and especially the younger generation—took a very strong view as to the cruelty and oppression of the

existing system, and considered the protest against it reasonable and desirable. Hence it was practically impossible for them to abstain from joining, when their union with their people accorded alike with their national sympathies and their sense of pastoral responsibility.

Of course such a motive would be valueless if the bounds of justice were overstepped and unlawful measures of redress were proposed for the wrongs of Ireland. There can be no doubt that among the hot-headed young curates there were some who incurred the censure of their ecclesiastical superiors by the warmth of their language and the exaggerated expressions into which they were led by their patriotic zeal. They occasionally forgot that they were no true friends of Ireland when they fanned in the breasts of the laity a flame which was already burning with red-hot ardour, and when they declaimed in unmeasured terms against the brutality of the Saxon oppressor. But such cases were rare, and in general their influence was exerted in favour of moderation. Irish priests receive at Maynooth a thorough and sound training in practical theology. If they forgot themselves in the excitement of a public meeting, their more sober judgment soon showed them that they had gone too far. When the No-Rent Manifesto appeared they condemned it almost to a man, and that at the peril of their influence. But as long as the law of God and the teaching of the Church were not disobeyed, the combined force of natural sympathy and what appeared ordinary prudence made it, I was assured, most desirable that they should not be guilty of political abstention. In the place of the parish priest the foreign agitator would have been the leader of the people. If the priest had taken no part in a movement which he watched with a vigilant care lest it should go beyond what he as a priest could approve, he would have had to sit apart, mourning over his poor sheep led astray by paid declaimers and unscrupulous leaders of revolt. In addition to open agitation, secret societies would have sprung up everywhere and sapped the very foundations, not only of civil order, but of religious belief in the hearts of the misguided people.

Such and much more to the same effect were the arguments by which priests and bishops defended the action of the Irish clergy. Some, indeed, kept aloof, but in Mayo they were few and far between, and the general sense of their compeers was against them. They were for the most part elderly men, whose gray

hairs were held to excuse them. But of the younger generation, I do not believe that there was one in a hundred who did not throw himself into the movement and did not believe that it was an inevitable step in the progress of Ireland towards happier and healthier days.

The day following my arrival at Ballaghaderreen, I went by an early train to Sligo, whither I had been invited by the kindness of Captain Ross, of Bladensburg, who was acting as one of the Emigration Committee on behalf of the Government. After breakfast and a visit to the beautiful Cathedral, he invited me to come to the workhouse and see the band of emigrants who were being prepared for their departure on the morrow. On arriving there, we found a motley group of men, women, and children clustered outside, awaiting their turn for instructions as to the time and place of their departure, and for the reception of the very excellent outfit which the liberality of the Sligo Guardians provided for those who were being sent off. They were all of them "free emigrants," paying nothing themselves. The Government provided for their passage, and the Guardians sent them on to their destination, and added whatever remained for outfit out of the £6 a head which was devoted to the double purpose of clothing them decently and conveying them from the place of landing to their future home in Canada or the States. After a few words with those who were waiting around the door, we entered the "Board Room," where the business of the day was being transacted. The Master of the Workhouse was there and the Matron, and a clerk seated at the table was making a list of the various articles furnished to the emigrants. A large collection of "dry goods" covered the floor, articles of men's attire on one side and women's on the other, and the description and price of each as it was given was written down on a sort of way-bill by the clerk. But the presiding genius of the scene was a Protestant clergyman resident in Sligo, named Heaney. Seated at the table opposite the clerk, he was giving instructions as to what was to be supplied to each, making a second list corresponding to that of the official clerk, and between times saying kind words to the emigrants. He was, I was informed, one of the Guardians of the Poor, and the work he was doing was done out of pure benevolence. He was evidently a kind-hearted, business-like man, and took an interest in his task. The poor liked him extremely, and paid him the high compliment of addressing

him as "Your Reverence" and speaking of him as "Father Heaney." One could not help admiring his devotion to his self-imposed task. From morning till night he was doing for nothing the drudgery of a clerk, and was most patient and forbearing with the tiresome and often quite unreasonable demands of the applicants, listening to their complaints and explaining kindly to them the impossibility of granting some of their requests.

There were two doors to the room, and each family who had been approved by the Guardians and accepted on the part of the Government by the Inspecting Commissioner, was introduced in turn, divided into two groups, father and big boys by one door, mother, girls, and little boys by the other. As each entered, their names, ages, occupations, dwelling-place (if they had one), and destination across the Atlantic was written down, and each individual was allotted such articles of clothing as were needed and as the funds at the disposal of the Board allowed of. There was no want of generosity in the distribution, as the reader may gather from the extract, which I subjoin in a note, from the rules laid down by the Lord Lieutenant in relation to the emigration of poor persons under the Arrears of Rent Act.² As far as I observed, these directions were carried out to the letter. The master of the workhouse collected into a box or large carpet bag the outfit for the man and boys, while the matron performed the same kind office for the woman and children. The articles

² *Outfit.*

IV. The Guardians, in conjunction with the Emigration Committee or one member thereof, shall see that each emigrant has at least the following outfit, subject in the case of a child, to such modification as the Guardians, with the approval of the Emigration Committee, may direct, viz. :

Males.	Females.
1 Suit of clothes.	1 Dress.
1 Overcoat.	1 Jacket.
2 Shirts.	2 Woollen petticoats.
2 Pairs of socks.	2 Sets of underclothing.
2 Handkerchiefs.	2 Pairs of Stockings.
1 Muffler.	2 Handkerchiefs.
1 Pair of boots.	1 Shawl.
1 Hat or cap.	1 Pair of boots.
2 Towels.	1 Hat or bonnet.
1 Brush and comb.	2 Towels.
1 Rug or coverlet.	1 Brush and comb.
1 Bag or box.	Sewing and knitting materials.
	1 Rug or coverlet.
	1 Bag or box.

of dress had in many instances to be tried on, and the women were thrust through their door into an anteroom and the door closed, while the trying-on process was being conducted. There was something inexpressibly humorous in the sight, when a poor woman whose head had known no covering for years, and whose tattered garments hung scantily around her, came out with a fashionably shaped hat upon her head, a blue serge dress, and an ulster or shawl to protect her from wind or cold, and a pair of new high-heeled boots upon feet which had been accustomed to perfect liberty. It was a transformation scene with a vengeance. In some cases the older women could scarcely be got to take the proffered head-dress. With its gay artificial flower in front, it was too much for their sense of the ridiculous. The articles supplied seemed good and serviceable, though I heard a story of some Irish maiden who was seen hobbling along on the remains of her new boots at one of the ports of departure, with the heel of one of them in her hand, the contract boots, being made for sale rather than for use, having proved faithless on the very first occasion that they were worn. But serviceable or not, they constituted a family wardrobe which I expect astonished many of the recipients as much as they amused the lookers on.

The first of the successful applicants for Government Emigration introduced into the Board Room after our arrival there, were a tidy-looking young fellow of about twenty-two or twenty-three, and his wife, who might have been a year or two younger. She was a superior almost lady-like looking girl, well dressed, and belonging, as far as one could judge by appearances, to the middle rather than to the lower class. The man drove a horse and cart in the town (Sligo), but business had been so bad of late that he could not manage anyhow to support himself and his wife. So he very prudently resolved to try his fortune in America, and as the Government had invited applications for a free passage, he wisely availed himself of the offer.

The next batch was a rather numerous one. A father whose hair was growing grey, a mother a little younger, and big boys and big girls, little boys and little girls, whom I did not succeed in counting. The man belonged to the artisan class, he was a painter and had spent many years in England, where he had got excellent wages and plenty to do. The woman had contributed to the family store by mangling. But

in spite of their success, back they must come to their native land. The man hoped to find work there, the woman brought her mangle back with her and expected that it would be a source of income in Sligo as well as in Staffordshire. I could not at first understand why they returned. There was a certain evasiveness in the woman's answers, but when the officials were out of hearing she confidentially informed me, "It was the drink, your Reverence, that made us leave England," with a significant look across the room to the place where her husband and the big boys were being allotted coats and overcoats, socks and handkerchiefs, towels, and brush and comb. The mangle was set up on their return, but no employment for it was forthcoming. The little store of cash (no very large one, owing to the too attractive English public-house) was soon gone, the mangle was sold; there were many mouths to feed, so they were glad to go. If I remember right, it was this good woman to whom the Government bonnet was specially distasteful. "Do you think I'd be disfiguring my old head with such a trumpery bit of goods as that?" The hat met with a still more scornful rejection. But the Government head-dress must be accepted if not worn, and at length the coaxing persuasion of the good matron induced her to receive it.

The family next in order consisted of a middle-aged man and his wife and some four or five children. He was a common labourer—work had failed him—food was not to be had sufficient, and the fever had at length attacked them and forced them into the workhouse. I think one or two of the children had died there, but of this I am not certain. The woman was a sturdy-looking matron of about thirty-five or forty, full of good nature and pleasantry. "Mary" was evidently a favourite with the matron of the workhouse, who had been very kind to her and her little ones when stricken down with the fever, and her warm Irish heart was overflowing with gratitude to the benefactress who had softened the hardships of the poor house by the charity she had shown her. "She is a real good woman, your Reverence, though she is a Protestant," was the willing testimony respecting her. My own observation confirmed the verdict; the genuine kindness, patience, forbearance, and unfailing good temper of the good matron of the Sligo workhouse deserve to be put on record in these pages.

After watching these three families, I ceased to take mental notes of the applicants, and we soon after left the Board Room.

A serious difficulty had to be arranged. The emigrants were to start very early the next morning, and it was feared that some at least would not be there at the appointed time. It was therefore proposed that the greater part of them should sleep at the workhouse, where accommodation could easily be found. But against this there was a general outcry. Sooner than sleep within those hated walls, many of the emigrants would forfeit their passage money and all the good things that they were to receive as outfit, and give up the idea of emigrating altogether. Anything rather than submit to what they seemed to regard as as indelible social disgrace, which would cling to them all the world over. No amount of coaxing would reconcile them to it. To spend their last night in old Ireland in a Government workhouse, and that after they had kept out of it at the cost of any amount of hardship and misery for all these years, would be in their eyes a mean act of treachery to their country. They would never be able to lift up their heads again if they consented to it.

But why should they have such an aversion to the hospitable shelter of the workhouse? Such a question as this would never be asked except by one ignorant of Ireland and Irish feeling. To the Irish poor the workhouse is regarded as worse than death. The loathing which they entertain towards it is a fact which it is impossible to ignore, though it is not so easy to explain. To have resort to the workhouse is regarded as an unspeakable ignominy and a disgrace.

I do not pretend to be able to fathom this feeling or to satisfy myself with the reasons adduced for it. I have heard it said that workhouses in Ireland are ruinous to the morals of the girls and boys received in them, but as far as I could learn the accusation is a false one. One priest, who had been chaplain in a large workhouse for two years, assured me that it was not the case. One or two cases I heard of afterwards, but they were exceptional, and generally were the result of girls being received as servants into the house of the Protestant master of the workhouse. The only complaint I heard in this respect is, that since bad characters, as well as honest, respectable people, were to be found in the poor house, it was not possible to keep them entirely apart. There were sure to be some young women in large towns who were not outcasts, but yet were not suitable companions for the innocent; and though the utterly depraved were separated off from the rest, it was difficult to define the

class. But beyond this, the poor houses seem to be free from any gross scandals or any wholesale corruption.

I think that the feeling against the poor house is chiefly traditional. It is not many years since the treatment of the poor was hard and cruel in the extreme. It is only of late that they have been treated with any sort of kindness and consideration. With a people like the Irish their ill-name is sure to cling to them for centuries after they have ceased to deserve it. This seems to me the chief source of the strong prejudice against them. But even now there is a good deal of harshness. There is that red-tape, impersonal, unsympathizing method of dealing with the inmates which is especially hateful to the warmhearted and sensitive Irish. It is a necessity of the system, and for this reason the system must be one hateful to the poor of Ireland. Add to this that the workhouse is bound up in their minds with the patronizing ascendancy of English rule. The feelings they bear to the latter attach to every Government institution. Every one hates to receive charity from an enemy. If it is grudging charity, the repugnance is intensified. If it does not deserve the name of charity at all, and is given out of no love, but of necessity, then human nature revolts from its acceptance.

Other motives which I have not time to discuss combine to produce the result. The loss of liberty is a serious hardship. The absence of the social intercourse and friendly banter is another grievance to the talkative and sociable Irish. The Protestant ascendancy often proclaims itself in the appointment of Protestant officials, even where the inmates are all Catholics, and this gives the workhouse a bad name. The absolute and enforced idleness makes the Irish workhouse more miserable and demoralizing. The absence of Catholic education for the children renders good Catholic parents most averse to entering with their families. The very poverty of Ireland compels the greatest economy in the poor house, and economy means for the inmates the absence of everything except just the minimum necessary to support life. Above all, the fact that to go into the poor house renders it necessary to give up for ever the piece of land which to the Irish peasant is a sacred treasure, makes them not only averse to seek refuge there, but hate it with a genuine and heartfelt hatred.

To return to my story. At length a compromise was effected. They were to sleep where they liked and to assemble at 1 a.m. to prepare for their departure. The train was to leave

about six, and at first sight the margin left for unpunctuality seemed rather a wide one. But I soon learned that there was another difficulty, besides the fear of their being late, which rendered the authorities reluctant to dismiss them for the night, with instructions to be present at the station in time for the emigrant train. It would have been necessary to hand over their outfit to them on the previous day, and it was feared that in some cases a portion of the articles supplied might be considered superfluous, and therefore might have been found to have disappeared before the next morning. The articles having been once handed over to them, would be regarded as the property of the recipients, and a shawl or pair of boots, regarded by the emigrant as an unnecessary and rather cumbersome luxury, might perhaps have been exchanged for the night's lodging or for some parting hospitality to be offered to a friend. So the outfit was kept back, except where the Catholic chaplain of the workhouse guaranteed the security of the articles entrusted to the emigrants, and the early hour of assembling was for the object of giving full time for the distribution of the various articles.

It certainly was a hardship to get up in the middle of the night and loiter about till the hour of departure in the morning. But there was no help for it. Of course there was a good deal of grumbling, and I was amused at watching Captain Ross' benevolent endeavours to pacify the grumblers. At first he took up a very bad line: "Don't you see we have made the law and you must keep it? it's the rule and so you must do like the rest and come at the proper time." This roused quite a storm—they would give up their passage, they could not and would not come there in the middle of the night. Why should they not have their outfit now, and go and sleep in peace at Mrs. O'Sullivan's, who had offered them and the children a lodging for nothing? But Captain Ross wisely changed his tone: "Now don't be unreasonable—here are the gentlemen spending all their time for you to get you good clothes, and to send out your children decent and respectable, and then you come and make all this bother in return for what they are doing for you. Now do be reasonable, my good man and try and give as little trouble as you can." At once the opposition gave way. "So I will, your honour, you needn't be uneasy about me." The angry looks disappeared, the grumblers and discontent were gone, and the grumblers were reconciled by

the appeal made to their better feelings. It was a curious instance of the attitude one constantly encounters towards law on the one hand and personal gratitude and loyalty on the other. It is a subject to which I shall hereafter have occasion to recur, but it would lead me too far away on the present occasion. When the discontented were more or less pacified, we left a scene which had given rise to many questions which, at the time, I felt unable to solve.

Perhaps the reader has already noticed that of the three cases, whose enumeration and outfit I had witnessed in the Board-room of the workhouse, not one was an owner of land. Was it a mere chance that I had stumbled on a batch of artizans? Or was it true, as I had been already informed, that it is not the peasantry starving on their barren plots of land, who are benefited by emigration, but the inhabitants of the towns, labourers and artisans out of work or desirous to better themselves in America?

According to the Government returns, one third of the whole number of emigrants had previously been occupiers of land. I have no doubt that this is the exact proportion, but there is one consideration to be taken into account. Under the category of holders of land are included some of those who have been evicted from their holdings for non-payment of rent. Now evictions have been going on pretty briskly in some localities. Since the passing of the Land Act and the reduction of rents, the landlords have been more severe than they were before. Irritated, and very naturally so, at having their incomes cut down by the Government, many who had not done so before exacted the uttermost farthing, and resolved that if their rent was now diminished they would compensate themselves, as far as they could, by insisting on the payment of the rent on the very day when it was due. This was but right and fair, where the landlord had good reason to know that the tenants were able to pay. The No Rent manifesto exasperated landlords to a degree to which they had never been exasperated previously. They regarded it, and not without reason, as an organized attempt to rob them. Even if it was intended, as its advocates assert, as merely a temporary expedient to force the hand of the Government, as one of those unfortunate necessities unavoidable in time of war, yet in its universal application it was a distinct transgression of natural justice. I do not see how any impartial person can regard it as

justifiable, and the tenant who, having a fair and moderate rent to pay and being able to pay it, still withheld it, was rightly and justly evicted. We may not rob Peter to pay Paul, much less may we rob Peter in order that Paul may not continue to rob his tenants. But evictions for the refusal to pay what could be paid and ought to be paid were few and far between, for the simple reason that the farmer who saw that his landlord was in earnest always managed somehow or other to find the money. These, however, have not been the only evictions. I myself encountered an instance which had taken place in the district that I visited only a few days before my arrival. It took place in one of the poorest parts of Sligo, between Ballaghaderreen and Swinford, not far from the little town of Tubbercurry. It was no solitary instance, else I would not cite it. It is a part of a wholesale system which has been pursued by a certain class of Irish landlords, resident and non-resident. It has a direct bearing on the important subject of emigration, and for this reason I turn aside for a little to tell the story.

For eviction is a subject intimately connected with emigration. Eviction renders emigration necessary where otherwise it would be perfectly unnecessary. Eviction is one of the chief causes which have depopulated Ireland, and spread the children of St. Patrick over the Continent of America. Eviction often sends forth the emigrants with a burning sense of injustice, which burns more fiercely still in the land whither they are bound. Eviction scatters over the world the bitterest enemies to the British empire and to British rule. I will not attempt to picture the scene myself. I prefer to insert the matter of fact report of one of the Guardians of the Poor sent by the Board to investigate the condition of the evicted tenants. My readers will see that it is the plain unvarnished statement of one who would naturally take an official view, and whose representation of the needs of the poor would take its colour rather from his consciousness of the overburdened poor rate than from any sentimental compassion with those on whose circumstances he is reporting. I insert in full his letter to the Guardians, in spite of its length, because the very sameness of its oft-repeated story gives it its chief value as an evidence of what landlordism means in Tubbercurry. Mr. Devine addresses the Guardians as follows :

Tubbercurry, May 5th.

Gentlemen,—In accordance with your resolution of Monday last, asking me, as a member of the board, to visit the evicted tenants in

the parish of Curry, on the estate of Messrs. Knox, and report thereon, I beg to state that, accompanied by the Very Rev. Thomas Conlon, P.P., and the relieving officers of the district, I went there on Wednesday last, and beg to submit the following as an accurate description of how they are at present circumstanced—

MONTIAGH.

Patrick Waters—His family consists of wife and seven children, varying in ages from three to seventeen years. They are trying to live as best they can in an open shed unfit for housing cattle, and are not possessed of any means whatever.

Patrick Brett has three children who get shelter during night from their grandmother, who dwells in a miserable hut scarcely large enough for one occupant.

Pat Cafferty—His family, consisting of wife and ten children, dwelt for three nights after eviction in a shed rudely constructed of some sticks and straw, after which he removed to the house of Michael May, which he was about leaving on Wednesday for Cully, Mrs. May having that morning noticed him to leave, giving as her reason for doing so that she was afraid of the bailiff to afford him lodgings any longer.

BUNNACRANAGH.

John Brett has wife and seven children, the eldest child being only fourteen years of age. They live in a wretched hut scarcely fit to accommodate three individuals, and seem to have no means.

BALLINCURRY.

James Durcan (Charles) is at present in England. His wife and children (three in number), the eldest of whom is only six years, are living with children's grandmother, an aged woman whom I found sick and confined to bed.

John Cardle has wife and five children, all of whom I found grouped round a small fire in a sandpit, quite unprotected.

William Durcan has wife and seven children, five of whom are females, all living beside a ditch, where they have erected a temporary structure as shelter.

James Durcan (John) has wife and four children. Found the children round a fire beside a ditch. Duncan stated that his wife was unwell, and at present staying in the neighbourhood.

James Durcan (Edward) is in England. Has wife and six children, who are living in a wretched cabin unfit for human habitation.

Michael Durcan has seven in family; was evicted from land but not from dwelling.

John Gannon has wife and two children; found them in a temporary shed erected beside a ditch.

Bryan Gannon has seven children; evicted from land but not from dwelling.

Michael Frain is at present in England; has wife and four children, who live in a hut erected by a child only nine years old.

James M'Dermott, not evicted from house ; held in co. with Frain the land from which they were evicted.

Thomas Kennedy has wife and six children varying in ages from two to thirteen years ; they were collected around a fire beside a ditch without any shelter whatever.

Peter M'Entyre has wife and one child, whom I found at a fire beside a ditch, the wife appearing weak and sick.

Ellen M'Entyre, widow, has three children, the eldest only seven years of age ; they are living with a relative.

Philip Durcan and three sisters, orphans, are living in a miserable shed.

Bridget Durcan, widow, has two children, and at present occupies a neighbour's barn.

Patrick Brennan has wife and seven children ; found them living in a rudely constructed shed beside a ditch.

I think it necessary to add that the people, both young and old, in these cases presented a most miserable appearance, and seemed (particularly the children) to be in great want of necessary clothing, and I give it as my opinion that if those poor people are obliged to remain much longer in their present sad state, diseases may arise, from which very serious consequences may issue.

I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

NICHOLAS H. DEVINE.

On this letter I have one or two remarks to make.

1. The number of the evicted families amount to twenty in all. It cannot therefore be owing to some special offence of which eviction is the punishment. This might be urged if the families evicted were but two or three, but in a group of twenty it is impossible that all can be dishonest or criminal.

2. Let us analyze the composition of the various families evicted. Two of them consist of the widow and the fatherless, one of four orphan children, two or three others of women with their children whose husbands are away in England. Several of the women are mentioned as weak and sickly. In all there are some thirteen men, eighteen women, and between ninety and one hundred poor helpless children, all evicted at one fell swoop.

3. Several of the men were away in England working as labourers on English farms in the manner narrated in my last article, in order to get together the arrears of rent due to their landlord. I have already spoken of the hardships entailed on them by this system. The fact that these men live away from their homes for nearly half the year, and that they almost invariably bring home sufficient to pay the year's rent, is a

proof alike of their thrift and their honest endeavours to satisfy the just demands of the owner of their little hut and plot of land.

4. The two past seasons have been so unproductive as to render it impossible for those who live by agriculture on the produce of the land to pay the ordinary rent. Potatoes have failed them, and oats did not ripen: live stock died away, and even of the poultry an epidemic carried off a large proportion.

5. The beginning of the month of May was bitterly cold. Mayo is one of the bleakest countries in Ireland, and I shall always have a piercing recollection of the bitter north-east wind which for some two or three weeks continuously swept over the country. If it seemed to freeze to the very bones one who was well housed, well warmed, and well fed, what must have been the cruel sufferings of those delicate women and tender children without food, without clothes, without fire, without a home, and without hope, some without even a shelter by the side of the ditch whither the cruel edict had driven them forth?

6. I was informed while in the neighbourhood, and I have since ascertained the truth of the information, that the parish priest, the Very Rev. T. Conlon, mentioned in Mr. Devine's letter, offered a year's rent in every case, in order that the landlord might get the benefit of the Arrears Act, and guaranteed the payment of all costs, but that his offer was refused!

Such are the plain facts. They speak sufficiently for themselves. From their hearths and homes, from the land which they regard as in part their own, from the land which during these two unfruitful seasons has, through no fault of their own, refused to yield its wonted crop, more than one hundred persons —men, women, and children, widows and orphans, tender maidens and sucklings at the breast—are thrust forth by bailiff and constable. Thrust forth to starve in that cold east wind! Thrust forth to die like dogs by the roadside or in the ditch hard by! The scene would move our hearts and rouse our indignation if it had taken place in some African kraal, or in some barbarian village in far off Asia. But these are no barbarians, bred in some distant land amid superstition and ignorance. They are no aliens or foreigners who are left to perish. They are dying uncared for within a few hours' journey of our own wealthy and prosperous homes. They are no heathen or heretics. They are our fellow Christians. They are of the household of faith. They are our brothers and sisters in the faith of Jesus Christ. They are united to us by a tie

closer than that of country or blood or any earthly relationship. They have a claim upon us far surpassing the claim of common parentage or common kindred. They are signed with the sign of Him who is the Lover of the poor. They are members of the Communion of Saints. They are children of our common mother, the Church of God. What Catholic, what Christian, what man of ordinary kind feeling, can restrain his tears of compassion when he reads of the scene, the cruel heart-breaking scene—cruel and heart-breaking even when told in the cold unimpassioned language of the official visitor? Men wax warm in their just indignation at the deliberate murder even of one who has been guilty of a long course of oppression and cruelty, but is no indignation due at the sight of the famished faces of those poor little ones of Jesus Christ, pining away of famine and cold by the side of the unsheltered ditch?

Let us look forward for a moment to the time when the men who are absent in England shall return. They carry with them the hard-earned money which is to satisfy the Messrs. Knox on the approaching rent day. Joyfully they approach the little group of cottages, full of hope and courage in the prospect of a happy meeting. But when they draw near, alas! their cottage is empty: nought remains of it but the bare walls. But where are its inmates? Eagerly they go from house to house, but all are deserted. At last they find a neighbour more favoured than the rest, left as caretaker of his cottage, who tells them the sad story how for long days and nights the wife and little ones, turned out from their home, starved by the side of the hospitable ditch; how perhaps first one and then another of the little children was unable to withstand the want of food and raiment, the piercing cold, the damp and the exposure, and changed that dreary scene for a land where they shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more, where cold and sickness are unknown. Now when the poor desolate father hears the news, and finds at length all that remains of his little family in the shelter of some hospitable neighbour, when he sees the wife broken down with grief, when he misses, it may be, some of those little faces which he left in smiling health, what wonder if, in the bitterness of his sorrow, the words which rise to his lips are not blessings on Messrs. Knox, and the thoughts in his heart are not thoughts of loyalty and love for landlords and landlordism? And when the survivors of those ninety children grow up to manhood, and in the great Republic of the West some of them rise, perchance, to

wealth and influence, can we wonder if we find in their speech and writing the result of the ineffaceable impressions of childhood? Can we wonder if their words teem with an inextinguishable hostility which seems quite unaccountable to us as we sit quietly at home ignorant of its cause, and if they indulge in a wild denunciation which seems to the Englishman, who knows not their antecedents, the mere blustering braggadocio of political fanaticism?

I am writing for those who, at a distance from the scene, cannot realize half its intensity; who, far from angry or excited feeling, can weigh dispassionately the details of this story, else I would not venture to tell it. But, as a Catholic Priest, as a friend of the poor, as a servant of Jesus Christ, as a lover of the little ones whom He loved so fondly, nay, as one possessed of common humanity and as an unprejudiced friend of justice, I think it my duty to place before my fellow-countrymen a tale of which, even in these days of progress poor Ireland could furnish many a counterpart.

But, lest it should be thought that I am selecting an exceptional instance, I will add another which came immediately under my own observation. It was in a parish of Mayo which I will not further particularize. I was walking down the street of the little town with the parish priest of the place, when a poor woman accosted him. What was she to do, as the man on whose land she was living had not only ordered her out of her little hut but had dismantled it about her ears—torn down the boarding, broken up the walls, so that nothing but the mere framework now remained? He had begun with her hut, but was going on to similarly dismantle seven other huts, which formed with hers a little group upon his land. The place was some three miles distant, but the good priest, like a true father of the poor, promised at once to proceed there and see what could be done. We drove thither accordingly, and found her story true. There was the iron framework of the hut still left, but all else gone, and the expelled family taking shelter for the moment in a neighbour's house. The people were all collected together in a very excited state, and the holder of the land was the natural object of their indignation. The good priest used his powerful influence to calm them, and we gradually extracted the following story. About a year ago, the then landlord of the place, who afterwards met with a violent death in another part of the country, had evicted twenty-five poor

families. The Land League, which had not yet been suppressed, was appealed to for aid, and built for them ten substantial wooden huts, where they took refuge.³ Seven of these huts were erected on the land of a man whom we will call Mulligan, whose conditions of tenure were such that the landlord could not, under the new Land Act, interfere with him for doing so. He was to receive a certain compensation for the interference with his land, but beyond this the occupiers had no rent to pay to the Land League who had built the huts. Mulligan was a farmer who had some 25 or 27 acres, and he was glad to shelter his evicted neighbours. For some time they were left in peace, until the successor of the deceased landlord came into the property. When, however, the new-comer heard of the act of compassion during one of his visits to his new inheritance, he sent for Mulligan, and threatened him that if he did not the very next day break up the Land League huts and turn the people out, he would double his rent then and there. The man was ignorant and timid, regarded the landlord as almost omnipotent, and imagined that what his honour threatened to do he certainly could do. He knew that he could not actually expel him from his farm, but of the limits of his power to raise the rent he knew nothing. In fear and trembling accordingly he returned, accompanied by the bailiffs of the landlord, and the work of destruction began. But by the time the first house was broken up, and the poor woman and her children who occupied it driven out, a most happy intercession had taken place. The chief constable of the neighbourhood was a good Catholic and a kind man, and he knew that Mulligan had fortunately outstepped the law. He could not proceed to such violent means without serving a previous notice of ejectment. The constable repaired at once to the place and warned Mulligan and his men to stop their work.

When we arrived on the scene, the parish priest, after a few words with the constable, proceeded to the house of Mulligan. The man was himself sore distressed, torn asunder between his dread of the all-powerful landlord on the one hand and on the other his fear of the constable, of the persons evicted, and his

³ This good priest informed me that the Land League had provided more than one thousand such huts, or furnished barns already existing, in various distressed localities, through twenty-six of the thirty-two counties of Ireland. In his own parish the Land League had erected huts, or purchased "barns" and "outhouses" to supply house-shelter for fifty-two evicted families. Each hut cost from £35 to £60 a-piece. The Ladies' Land League paid the rent of the purchased barns, and supported the homeless families up to the close of the year 1882.

better feelings prompting him not to proceed in so cruel a business. The intervention of his Reverence turned the scale in favour of his better feelings. He was warned of the illegality of his proceedings, and of the certain prosecution which would be instituted if he laid a finger on another house. The landlord could not raise his rent a sixpence, and was only trying to frighten him. Besides this, if he wished to avoid punishment for what he had already done, he was to aid the carpenter whom the priest promised to send at once to repair the dismantled house. It would be a work of two or three days, and meantime some shelter was to be provided for the inmates. This satisfied all parties. With prudent tact, the good priest pointed out that it was not the fault of the poor farmer, who was afraid that he himself would be turned out by the raising of the rent, in which case they would all have been dispossessed, and having thus calmed their angry feelings he left all parties satisfied, and overflowing with gratitude to their friend and benefactor. "May the Lord bless you, Father X—, and give you the glory of Heaven for your reward!" was the well-deserved benediction which sounded in our ears as we drove off.

In the face of a proceeding like this, what can we expect to be the attitude of the people towards landlords like this oppressor of the poor? His predecessor had evicted twenty-five poor families. He himself last November evicted twenty-six more. They are succoured by an organization which sends workmen down, builds them wooden huts on the land of a small farmer in the neighbourhood, and thus saves them from starvation or the workhouse.

But it is intolerable forsooth that the dignity of the landlord should be thus insulted. Is the exercise of his power over his poor tenants to be frustrated by the craft of the enemy? If he has decreed that they shall be homeless, who is this insolent farmer who ventures to interfere with him? Unfortunately, the mischief is done, and he has no direct power to expel his rebellious serfs from the comfortable homes built for them by the Land League. But it is not to be borne that he should sit down under such an insult. He sends for the farmer who has consented to receive them, and threatens him with all the dread consequences which will follow if he perseveres in his insolent compassion. Happily his threats are illegal, his wrath futile, his whole proceeding is through the recent Land Act a mere *brutum fulmen*. But had it not been for the active priest

and the vigilance of the pious constable, might would have prevailed over right, and the poor frightened farmer would have completed the work of violence which he had already begun, and the seven or eight families on his field would in defiance of all law and justice have shared the fate of the unhappy tenants of Messrs. Knox.

I have carefully abstained from mentioning any names, because I have no wish to attack individuals. But I must not pass over an incident connected with the succession. The previous landlord had two estates, one in Mayo and the other elsewhere. It was on his estate far away that the murder took place. There was reason to believe that it was committed by an agent of a secret society sent down from Dublin for the purpose. But whether this was the case or not, there was not the faintest reason for supposing that any of the Mayo tenants were implicated in it. They liked their landlord, and showed their sympathy at his funeral. In spite of the harshness of his conduct during the last few years of his life, their warm hearts clung to him because of his kindness in the years gone by. When this new landlord succeeded to his property he applied to the Government for some compensation for himself. I do not know the exact sum at which he estimated his brother's blood. At all events the Lord Lieutenant, after carefully considering the case, ordered that £1,500 should be paid him. This sum was levied on the inhabitants of the district where the murder took place. At first it was proposed to levy a similar sum on the estate in Mayo, and it was only on the vigorous representations made by influential persons that it was remitted.⁴ Since then, the serious charge has been brought against him, and that publicly, of false representation and even perjury in the application he made to the Government for compensation. Of this charge I know nothing and say nothing, except that it was made and made publicly, and repeated in the House of Commons in a question asked of the Secretary for Ireland on the subject.

But with this I am not concerned. I am only desirous that my readers should be aware of the scenes which still take place in the West of Ireland. I have been trying to imagine what

⁴ The right to such a levy was tried December last in the courts of Mayo, and was found to rest on no real grounds. The pastor of the parish repudiated the claim in open court; and as witness and defender of his people denied the charge.

would happen in England if English landlords were to imitate the conduct of the Messrs. Knox and of the landlord just mentioned. As I try to realize the consequences of such a treatment of tenantry, I find myself encountered by a phrase familiar to students of philosophy, *negatur suppositum*. The very supposition of such a state of things is a ridiculous one. No English landlord could behave like these Irish landlords, in the teeth of public opinion in a free country.

But we will put the impossible case. We will suppose in some village on this side the Irish Channel, similar poverty in the tenants and a landlord like the Messrs. Knox. We will suppose twenty poor families turned out to starve, exposed to the bleak east wind by the roadside, or to take shelter in some hospitable ditch. Such unexampled barbarity would raise quite a tumult. The local papers in their next issue would be full of it, and in many a leading article the indignation of the public would find expression. The gentry of the neighbourhood would hasten to offer to the poor sufferers a shelter and a home. Contributions for their relief would pour in. The obnoxious landlord would be socially "boycotted." The county magistrates at their next meeting would pass a resolution strongly condemning his cruelty. His name would be struck off the list of Justices of the Peace, and he would be lucky if he was not hustled and mobbed on the next market day at the county town, where he would have no troop of soldiers to protect him, no constabulary with loaded rifles following him everywhere. But in Ireland such conduct passes unnoticed—it is too much a matter of every-day occurrence to attract attention. If the newspapers were to express themselves in the terms that such conduct deserves, we should be told that they were "rousing the worst passions of an ignorant peasantry," that their language was seditious and disloyal, that they were seeking to set class against class. If a question were to be asked in the House of Commons as to the truth of these outrages, we should have a protest against questions which imply an imputation on the character of honourable men. If one of the poor sufferers in an outburst of passion were so far to forget the teaching of his catechism as to take the law into his own hands, we should have our walls placarded with "Another Irish Outrage," fresh police would be sent for the protection of the landlord's property and person, and the district would have imposed upon it a heavy fine to compensate him for the injury inflicted.

I do not for a moment wish my readers to imagine that instances of conduct such as I have described are general among Irish landlords. On the contrary, very many Irish landlords are good and kind landlords. The ill name attaching to the evil-doers of the class falls most undeservedly upon them. Many of them have been (perhaps through necessity) very hardly used by the recent Land Act. Many of them too have been hardly used by tenants who have taken occasion of a popular movement to withhold from their landlord what was justly due to him. I can well understand such men being indignant at the way in which they have been treated, and living perhaps far from the country which I visited, they may think it unfair to put forward one or two single instances in a way that may seem to prejudice a class. But the point to which I am anxious to direct attention is the unhappy condition of a country where such things can pass unnoticed and unpunished, even in its remotest districts. What can be the state of public opinion in the ruling class where no social stigma falls on the rich absentee, whose starving tenantry have to subsist on the contributions of foreign benevolence, if they are to subsist at all? where no vials of indignation are poured on the head of one who drives delicate women and poor children, to the number of a hundred and more, to perish of cold and hunger by the wayside? What hope is there of the pacification of the country while a sense of injustice and oppression and wrong is fostered by wholesale evictions, and an affectionate, warm-hearted people are driven to hate those whom a little kindness and sympathy and compassion would easily have taught them to love?

What is to be the remedy to all this? Is it to be for all emigration or wholesale concessions to the tenantry? or a stern administration of justice, until those inclined to rebel have learned to submit to the power that governs them? or is it to be a combination of all these? or is there no remedy at all, so that we have to confess that the problem is an insoluble one, and that the present condition of things must go on till the population of Ireland has practically disappeared, and there remain only a few herds to tend the flocks as they graze over the site of once populous towns and villages?

But I have already outrun my limits, and must reserve for my next article my attempt at a reply to this perplexing question.

R. F. CLARKE.

Tonquin, Annam, and France.

TONQUIN, which is the northern portion of the Empire of Annam, has lately attracted particular notice throughout Europe. Hardly a day passes that something is not said of a country and people that were almost unknown to us before. What has caused this is the activity which the French Government has been displaying as to an extension of its colonial possessions. Annam is one of the spots where this activity is especially manifested. For a long period the French have had dealings with this country. French missionaries have been toiling in it for centuries, and by reason of the missionaries relations were long ago established which have led on to the present situation. A treaty, dating back a hundred years, is now appealed to in order to show that even as long ago as a century since the French nation acquired rights in Annam. But if such a plea may be considered a pretence, a more recent treaty has really imposed obligations on the Annamites that they may be fairly called on to observe. In 1862, at the conclusion of a war of some years, a treaty was concluded with Tu-doc, the present Emperor, and the seaport of Saigon and some southern provinces of Cochin-China were then ceded to the French. Again in 1874, in consequence of complaints about the imperfect observation of the treaty, it was renewed with more stringent obligations.

It is on these treaties that the French Government bases its present action; but doubtless there are other causes that are really prompting it, and one of these is the great commercial advantages that would spring from the acquisition of Tonquin. There are large rivers in Tonquin running far into the interior, and one of these, the Red River, communicating with the south-east of China and navigable for a long distance, offers a most inviting prospect of valuable and extensive trade.

The conquest of Tonquin and the whole Empire of Annam would be no difficult task for a powerful kingdom like France,

if the only foe to be met were the soldiers of Tu-doc. But there is another enemy and a stronger one who must not be lost sight of. Annam is and has been for centuries a dependency of China. Those old relations have never been lost. China has never ceased to claim and to exercise the rights of paramount lord. It was with the permission of China that in 981 the mandarin Ly assumed the title of king. And each king who has since mounted the throne, even up to Tu-doc himself, to ensure his legitimate title, has been under the necessity of receiving investiture from a delegate of the Chinese Emperor.

But Tu-doc is no descendant of Ly. The Ly dynasty remained on the throne, till it was upset by the Tayson rebellion. But towards the end of the sixteenth century, without being deposed, the King had to yield up its authority into other hands. Tonquin and Cochin-China, before divisions of one kingdom, became separate governments, and in each the new ruler, styling himself *voua*, or generalissimo, and leaving the dignity of *Choua*, or king, to the phantom monarch shut up in his palace of Kecho, exercised henceforth every prerogative of king.

It was then that the dynasty of Nguyen, of which Tu-doc is a descendant, commenced its reign at Hué. It was about the year 1600. For one hundred and fifty years the rule passed on peaceably from father to son. But before the end of the eighteenth century it suffered a rude interruption. In 1765 the King, Vo-vuong, died. He left his kingdom to a younger son, the offspring of a favourite wife, and so excited the resentment of the elder brother. Civil wars ensued; and amidst the wars there appeared one who very soon brought about a complete revolution. This was the Tayson Nhac, who has obtained a famous name in the Cochin-Chinese history. The Taysons were a hardy race who came down from the mountains running along the whole interior of the country. Nhac was an intrepid and able leader. At first he was but a subordinate in the wars, lending his assistance to one or the other of the brothers as might suit his convenience. At length he stood up for himself. The brothers were put aside and died, and Nhac proclaimed himself Emperor. He next marched into Tonquin, and although the Chinese lent assistance, the vigour of the Taysons prevailed, and Tonquin and Cochin-China were again united under one government.

It was this rebellion of the Taysons that led to the first

negociations between Cochin-China and France. How this came about forms an interesting episode in the history of the country that shall now be related.

The legitimate heir of the Nguyen family did not patiently submit to the deprivation of his rights. He had adherents in the southern provinces of Cochin-China, who rallied round him when, taking advantage of the employment of the Taysons in Tonquin, he came forward to defend his cause. But he was no match for Nhac, who quickly encountered him, scattered his forces, and put him to flight. His place of concealment and refuge was with a French missionary, M. Pigneaux de Behaine, Bishop of Adran. Christianity had been established in the country as early as the year 1600, about the time that the Nguyen rule commenced. And it very soon made considerable progress, both in Cochin-China and Tonquin. Fierce and bloody persecutions were continually recurring, but the number of the Christians, if for a time thinned, recovered themselves and multiplied. M. Pigneaux had come out to Cochin-China at a time of one of these temporary checks, just after the death of Vo-Vuong, one of the most relentless of persecutors. The missionaries had been almost completely expelled from his dominions. One or two might remain concealed amongst the Christians in the neighbourhood of Huè, but the largest number were able to live more openly and at ease in the little kingdom of Camboia. It was here M. Pigneaux settled, and, on the death of Mgr. Piguel in 1774, he was chosen Vicar Apostolic and created Bishop of Adran. His great qualities had made themselves known before, and some touching and interesting letters which he has written make us sensible of his deep and earnest piety. Indeed, it was his strong ardour in the missionary cause that had brought him out to Cochin-China. As Bishop he soon acquired importance. The King of Camboia held him in high esteem. The Governor of Cancao, a powerful mandarin in the vicinity, treated him with particular favour. So the Christian community in that direction was in a flourishing state. It was with the Bishop of Adran that Prince Nguyen-Anh found an asylum. And his meeting with the Bishop, and his stay with him, was happy for the Prince in many respects. The Bishop's friendship was invaluable to him. His companionship, his counsels, the elevating example of one so wise, so firm, so calm and composed, raised up the young Prince himself. The Bishop taught him

to correct faults which stood in the way of his popularity, to restrain his temper, to be more conciliatory in his bearing, and by his own steadfastness inspired him with fresh confidence. In a little while, then, Nguyen-Anh made another effort to regain his throne. Nhac had two brothers, and the youngest of them was an expert soldier like himself, and was the real conqueror of Tonquin. The brothers were quarrelling amongst themselves, and their disputes offered a chance to the legitimate heir. So he came forward again, collected his followers, and made himself master of those southern provinces where he had friends, and continued his advance upward. But he was still too feeble to encounter Nhac. When the armies met, a second defeat followed, and one more signal and disastrous than the first. And this time the Bishop suffered with him. Both Prince and Bishop were driven from the land. They could find shelter neither in Cochin-China nor Camboia. They were obliged to take to their ships and seek a refuge in one of the numerous isles that strew the great Gulf of Siam. The Bishop had taken his precautions. He had provided against the chance of a mishap. He had got together some small vessels ; he had laid up stores of provisions, and with his little band of followers eluded the search of his enemies. But they were weary and painful months both for him and his friends, and with the Prince there were moments of extreme necessity, and one especially is mentioned when Nguyen-Anh and the Bishop fell in with one another on those wide seas, and Mgr. Pigneaux supplied the wants of the starving Cochin-Chinese out of the scanty remnants of his own little stock. Acts of friendship like this make a deep impression on the heart, and they were never forgotten. And now it was that the Cochin-Chinese Prince came to that resolution which led to the Treaty already referred to. He gave his little son, a boy of six or seven years, into the hands of the Bishop, and the Bishop went with the child to France, took him to the Court of Louis the Sixteenth, and pleaded his cause so successfully, that it was agreed that ships and men should be furnished and sent out to Cochin-China, to effect the restoration of Nguyen-Anh to the throne of his ancestors. But the Treaty, nevertheless, was not carried out, for almost immediately the Revolution intervened, and the proposed expedition was countermanded.

The Bishop's visit to France, however, was not wholly ineffectual. He procured some help, though it was but small. He brought back with him on his return more than one vessel, a

few men, and some munitions of war, and even this trifling aid was not without its results.

During the absence of the Bishop of Adran the Prince had not been idle. He had first gone to Siam ; but he could not prevail upon the King to do more than amuse him with fair words ; so finding that he should gain nothing by a prolonged stay, he again determined to try the fidelity of his own subjects, and returned to Cochinchina. And now he made good his ground better than on any previous attempt. He established himself with a degree of firmness. He was not able to cope with his enemies in the open field. But he had learned prudence, and had improved in military tactics. He raised little forts in different directions, and when his enemies came down vaunting and expecting a triumph, he retired behind them for shelter, and so baffled them.

His cause was beginning to seem hopeful, and the Bishop's return made it more hopeful still. He had already assumed the title of King, and with the title a new name, that of Gia-laong, by which he was afterwards known. What gave a new impetus to his affairs, and made the Taysons perceive that their adversary was no longer insignificant, was an attack made on the port of Quin-hon, and the total destruction of Nhac's navy. This was the consequence of the presence of the French ships and sailors, one vessel of some size leading, coming in unexpectedly, and completing the work before time was given for recovery from the first panic.

After this followed a desultory warfare of years. The Taysons never got over the blow struck at Quin-hon. They were still, for a time, superior in the field. Their forces were much more numerous than those of Gia-laong. But Gia-laong made good his ground, and next found himself able to make advances. He got on from Quin-hon to Touron ; and when he had reached Touron, his advance became more rapid still. The Taysons were then no longer what they had once been. Nhac was dead, and his brother, and the crown had devolved on a nephew, unfit for the harder task that had now to be performed. Gia-laong moved on to Huè, and it fell ; and then, instantly hastening on to Tonquin, the whole kingdom was yielded up almost without a blow.

So the present line of monarchs were established on the throne. The family of Nguyen from that time ruled, not over Cochinchina alone, but over the whole of Annam, and, as Nhac before them had done, took the title of Emperor.

The Bishop of Adran was dead when this last success befel Gia-laong. The friendship between the King and the Bishop remained firm to the end. During the Bishop's life, Gia-laong favoured the Christians. But he did not like the religion. He fretted under the idea of its restrictions, the putting away of his wives, the moderation of his passions, and the idea of Hell was intolerable. The boy who went to France in the days of his childhood excited much hope ; he was devoted to the Bishop, he said he wished to be a Christian, he repeated Christian prayers, Christians were his most loved companions. But it all came to nothing. Cochin-Chinese prejudice could not bear the idea of this close intercourse between the heir to the Cochin-Chinese throne and a Christian Bishop, and they were separated. And then, under the seductions of his new society, the boy, as he grew up to be a man, fell into the corrupt practices of the country, and became feeble and insignificant. He died when yet young, whether or not after baptism is uncertain.

The Bishop lost his life from his consent to attend this Prince in a military service in which Gia-laong wished to employ him. He went, and fell sick of dysentery, which at length entirely prostrated him, and took him away from the Christians at the very time when his life would have been most serviceable.

His illness was painful and lingering. M. Lelabousse, one of the most faithful and active of his missionaries, who loved him and honoured him, has recited at some length a scene which had made a vivid impression on his own mind, setting before us the resignation, and patience, and faith which marked the Bishop's last hours. And then he has told us the magnificent display with which, by the King's orders, his funeral rites were celebrated with full religious observances, with Masses, and prayers, and an outward pomp that gave full testimony of the exceeding regard in which he was held. The Prince had the charge of the whole of the ceremonies. The King and the Queen, and the great mandarins, lines of troops, multitudes drawn from all directions were present at the grand scene.

But very soon the remembrance of the holy Bishop seemed to have passed away from the mind of the King. He soon ceased to manifest any show of tenderness toward the Christians. Their petitions were disregarded, their hopes were disappointed. They were left to struggle with the enemies who hated them, and felt none of that kind protection which had been enjoyed in

former days. Edicts even appeared that were mortifying to the Christians, and inflicted on them restraints that embarrassed them.

But Gia-laong was never a persecutor. It was not so with his son, Mink-Menh, who succeeded him. Mink-Menh hated the Christians. He did not disturb them at once. For some years he even left them in quiet. But rumours were heard, telling of his ill-will and warning of his purposes. Edicts were published more and more threatening and terrible. At length it came to deeds. M. Marchand, a French priest, was arrested, and the tortures of his cruel death were peculiar in their atrocity. M. Jacquart, another French priest, was imprisoned, kept confined for years, and then put to death, though in a less brutal fashion. Persecution had then become general. Many Christians fell. Mgr. Havard, a Frenchman, perished from fever, the effect of the malignant mountain air. Mgr. Borie, another Frenchman, was beheaded. Two Spanish bishops and a Spanish priest, were also victims. The persecution went on for years, not ceasing till after Mink-Menh's death. It became milder under his successor, Thien-Tri. Missionaries were no longer slain, but they were imprisoned. There were four French missionaries shut up in the dungeons of Huè. They had been variously tortured. They knew not but that the next moment would bring the message of death.

The death and captivity of those Frenchmen might fairly create some sympathy in their own countrymen. And here was a real justification for French intervention. Accordingly off Touron there appeared a French vessel of war, the *Heroine*, commanded by M. Leveque, who sent off to Huè a peremptory message, demanding the freedom of the captives shut up in prison. There was some demur, but the petition was granted. The Frenchmen were released and conveyed on board the *Heroine*. The date of this event was 1843.

The next occasion for intervention was in 1856. The moment was not happily chosen and the affair was badly managed. A vessel of war, the *Catinat*, came to Touron with a message from M. de Montigny, lately appointed Ambassador to the Court of Huè. Tu-doc paid no attention to it. The French captain was irritated at the slight and battered down some forts on the coast, going away with a threat. The effect of this was sad enough for the Christians. All through Tu-doc's reign up to this time their lot had been comparatively quiet. They were not

free from molestation, there were short periods of local trouble. There were murmurs of increased severities. But the Christians had friends at Court as well as enemies, and hitherto whatever disposition there might have been in the mind of Tu-doc to proceed to harsh measures it had been checked. The most active Bishop of this time was Mgr. Retort, and the part of Annam where religion most flourished was his Vicariate of Western Tonquin. In this very year, 1856, the signs of this had been most noticeable. Mgr. Retort's letters inform us how happily things were going on, how freely he could move about for the visitation of the little clusters of Christians who were congregated here and there in villages, how the Christians thronged around him, and how those public manifestations received no interruption. But there is one scene that he sets before us, which especially cheers him, which he recites with considerable detail and in glowing terms of satisfaction. It is the grand celebration of the feast of St. Peter at Kevinh. Kevinh was the episcopal residence, a spot full of dear reminiscences, ample in its accommodation, lovely and attractive, with its beautiful garden, trees and shrubs and flowers, and the river flowing by at its boundaries. This year at Kevinh there was a series of services, ordinations, confirmations, to be closed with the feast of their great patron on the 29th of June. For the occasion the clergy had come in from all directions. There were ten, counting the Bishop. They had a retreat, and the duties over, they remained together to refresh themselves with mutual converse and for a moment of rest.

Scarcely had they parted than that French ship of war was seen off Touron and bore its message to the King. The effect was very soon felt most painfully by the Christians. Quickly an edict appeared which started the persecution. It was more alarm than actual injury that at first reached Bishop Retort's Vicariate. But at Hué and its vicinity the Christians instantly experienced the consequences, for it was thought to be from their invitation that the French ship had come.

Tu-doc was still more provoked when a second French vessel came to disturb him. Each visit only made his mind more hostile, and his rage burst forth in full fury, when, after a futile attempt to enter into negotiations, M. de Montigny, the Ambassador, retired in February, 1857. Nothing had been done to relieve the Christians. All that had been done only moved anger and resentment.

On M. de Montigny's departure, immediately the persecution spread and increased in its bitterness. It reached Western Tonquin. It put an end to that peace and quiet that had so long blessed Kevinh. February, 1857, had not come to an end before a mandarin and soldiers invaded the premises, and though at the moment there was some forbearance, and though a temporary respite was granted, the storm was only delayed. That year in this part of Tonquin was rather one of expectation and dread, than of actual suffering. But the next, 1858, was full of miseries. Kevinh was destroyed, Christian villages were everywhere ransacked and ruined. The missionaries were in flight. Bishop Retort, after six months' wandering, at last sank down under fatigue and sickness on the mountains. The persecution was constantly increasing in its severities. Fresh edicts made it more and more harsh. And all priests, native and European, as well as all who harboured them, well knew that death followed speedily on discovery.

Several native priests had already fallen. Two European bishops, Mgr. Diaz and Mgr. Melchior, had been captured and executed, the last with a singular barbarity. And just about the time of Mgr. Retort's death, a new activity and earnestness was given to the persecution by a more decided attempt of interference on the part of the French. An expedition of ships and men had come from France. But there was sad mismanagement. An instant attack on Huè might have succeeded. But there was delay and backwardness. From September, 1858, to March, 1860, the French troops remained encamped near Touron, doing little more than urging on the mind of Tu-doc to more cruel vengeance. Painful as was the situation of the Christians before, it became more wretched than ever. The stories of sufferings and death are harrowing. Many native priests as well as thousands of Christians were the victims of the hatred that was general, and of the stern edicts that were constantly stimulating it. Two more Spanish bishops, Mgrs. Hermosilla and Ochoa, and a priest, Father Almato, were executed in Central Tonquin, where the persecution was more violent than anywhere; and in Western Tonquin two French priests, M. Neron and M. Venard, forfeited their lives.

As a specimen of what had to be endured in those days of anguish, some details may be given of the wanderings and hiding-places and sufferings of M. Charbonnier, who escaped.

He was a close companion of Bishop Retort during his last six months of hard trial. He had only separated from him a few days before his death. At the Bishop's bidding he had gone down from the mountains to recruit his health in a better climate. For a time he had lived quietly with some nuns, who had given him a home. Then he had to fly, as soldiers had come to disturb them. He sought another convent. And there with M. Mathevon he remained concealed for a year. Again he had to fly. He sought refuge on the mountains. But the noxious atmosphere brought on fever and he had to retire. In this emergency the two priests determined to make the journey to Touron and seek an asylum with their countrymen. They set off, M. Charbonnier, too weak to walk, carried in a bed, travelling by night through these dangerous mountains, and at length, at the end of fourteen days, reached the coast. But still Touron was at a distance. They harboured themselves in a little Christian village, and the Christians provided them with boats and they proceeded to Touron, but only to be disappointed; for only a day or two before the French army had decamped. Tired out with their profitless situation, they had gone away and fixed themselves at Saigon. M. Charbonnier found himself in greater danger than ever at Touron, for Cochinchinese soldiers were all around. So at once they went back to the Christian village, and contrived to keep themselves in concealment. It was a perpetual dread, however, to the Christians and themselves. At length suspicions arose, soldiers made their appearance, they moved from hiding-place to hiding-place, now in one house now in another, now in some underground excavation, now in some cavern in the mountains. At length they were discovered. They were led off and thrown into prison, but the sentence of death never came, and the peace set them at liberty.

For, eventually, the French prevailed. They established themselves firmly at Saigon, and Tu-doc perceived that his enemy was too strong for him and came to terms. It is to the treaty then agreed on that the French now appeal. By that treaty Saigon and some of the southern provinces were ceded to the French. By that treaty the persecution was stopped, and safety and protection was promised to the Christians. This was in 1862. In 1874, in consequence of complaints that the treaty was not duly observed, it was renewed, and the obligations became more stringent.

The French are now insisting that Tu-doc shall fully comply with all the terms of the treaty. And if China does not take up their cause the Annamites are powerless to resist them, if they choose to put forth their strength. But China really has rights, and may resolve to defend them. They are not only of an ancient date, but they have been persevered in. Tu-doc himself had to consent to his investiture by a Chinese mandarin, that stability might be given to his authority. In the *Persecutions of Annam* there is an account of the ceremonies of this investiture, taken from a letter of Mgr. Pellerin, one of the Vicars-Apostolic of Cochin-China, whose residence was near Huè. There it is seen how low the haughty monarch would stoop to obtain the recognition of his suzerain. The passage runs thus: "The solemn investiture by the delegates of the Chinese Emperor, performed at the commencement of each reign, is regarded as a matter of much consequence. It is of very old date. The ancient kings who reigned at Kecho had observed it through long generations, and so Gia-laong and his immediate successors had gone from Huè to Kecho, that there, as had been the use, they might be invested. But Tu-doc did not like the journey, and he had demanded that the Ambassadors should come to Huè, and this was done. . . . The mandarin commissioned in this instance was only a mandarin of the second class. His retinue amounted to one hundred and forty persons. It took a month for this cavalcade to journey through the Annamite territory before it reached Huè. . . . After every twelve or fifteen miles there was a halt, and there a palace suitable to the dignity of these high visitors was erected. At length the investiture came off. The King met the Ambassadors at the gate of the inner city, where he resided, and all entered together. Then, the imperial charter having been placed on an altar, in the midst of perfumes, Tu-doc, on a sign from the Ambassadors, advanced, knelt, and prostrated himself five times. While he still knelt the Ambassador read the paper, and handed it to the King, who, holding it on high, made another prostration, when the charter was given to one of the princes, and the King having saluted it with five prostrations, the ceremony was terminated."¹

It was not for nothing that the proud Emperors of Annam would consent to such acts as these. We have seen the haughty manner in which Tu-doc rejected the Ambassador of France, when M. de Montigny sought an interview. It was just the

¹ *Persecutions of Annam*, pp. 273, 274.

same with his grandfather, Minh-Menh, when Mr. Crawford came as Ambassador from the Governor-General of India in 1820. He was treated with civility. He was admitted within Huè. But nothing could prevail on Minh-Menh to receive him into his presence. And he pleaded, too, the example of his predecessor, Gia-laong, who, he said, would not admit an Ambassador commissioned by the French King, Louis the Eighteenth, in 1818. But then, adds Mr. Crawford, in explanation, the plea was not a fair one, for the real reason was that the Ambassador was charged to press the obligations of the treaty made in earlier days between Gia-laong and Louis the Sixteenth. And these words of Mr. Crawford are a proof that even at that period the French did not look on the treaty as null and void.

The French consider that they have acquired rights in Cochin-China and Tonquin, and they are determined to maintain them, and they quite put aside the idea that China has any cause of umbrage, or any purpose of offering opposition. The language of M. Challemel-Lacour, the French Foreign Minister, is quite plain on this point. "As to the presents," he says, "sent by the Emperor of Annam to the Celestial Monarch, such offerings were not a token of vassalage, but an act of courtesy meant to conciliate the protection of a stronger Power against the enemy of the moment, namely France." And he adds: "There was no reason to believe that China cherished evil designs towards France." And again, more recently, the same Minister says positively: "China cannot meditate intervention in an affair in which she has no rights to vindicate and no interests to uphold." But these assertions are very different from what the Chinese Ambassador at Moscow is still later reported to have insisted: "China claims suzerain rights which she holds to be indisputable over the kingdom of Annam, of which Tonquin forms part." And the facts that have been here recorded bear out this declaration.

The Recent Excavations of the Roman Forum.

WE venture, for the benefit of English readers, to reproduce from an Italian source some particulars of the recent archæological discoveries in the Roman Forum. They are an echo of old Rome that cannot fail to awaken interest in every part of the world, especially in our own country, where the very name of Rome is linked with so many historical associations of the past, and meets with such sympathetic appreciation of its classic and poetic art in the present.

Until as late as the last months of the year 1882, it was altogether impossible to take in at a glance the whole of the glorious ruins of the Roman Forum. In order to unite the two modern districts of the city, it was found necessary to leave untouched and unimproved the unsightly causeway of the Bridge of the Consolazione, between the Temple of Saturn and the Arch of Septimus on one side, and the Julian Basilica and the Forum, properly so called, upon the other; and further on, between the churches of San Lorenzo in Miranda, and of Santa Maria Liberatrice, another embankment, twenty yards in width and ten in height, interrupted the series of buildings formerly bordering the Sacred Way. Thus divided into three separate and distinct regions, which, owing to the elevation of their position, seemed to the eye still narrower than they really were, the Forum lost much of its grandeur, and but seldom answered the ardent expectations of the visitor and student. A superficial observer would turn away with a sense of disappointment, thinking that the Forum, of which his fancy had depicted such glorious visions, was but mean and ordinary-looking after all; and the *savant* himself found at every step he took over the rugged soil, stumbling-blocks to his researches, the heaps and mounds of rough earth being everywhere a hindrance to him in determining, in any definite way, the several important topographical points at issue.

The excavations undertaken in the months of February and

April, 1882, and again re-commenced in the early part of October last, and now almost completed, have at last restored to the old Forum its true historic aspect; and for the first time since the fall of the Roman Empire, we are able to traverse on foot, as well as in thought, the whole length of the Sacred Way, from the starting-point *ab Streniæ Sacello*, to the left of the Colosseum, up to the very stairs of the Capitol. For the first time we can grasp the extent of the Forum as a complete whole. Both as regards the grand effect of beauty and symmetry thereby attained, as well as the intelligent understanding of the monuments and their history, an invaluable service has thus been rendered to archaeology by the present Minister of Public Works; and a worthy prelude made to the great works already commenced upon the slope of the Palatine. These latter, together with those carried on in the Forum, will give us a fair idea of that interesting locality, hitherto but half explored, and almost unknown.

No important discovery, it is true, attended the excavations of 1882, but that is not to be wondered at, since all the extent of the ground between San Lorenzo and Santa Maria Liberatrice was by no means virgin soil. It had been thoroughly explored in the sixteenth century, by order of the Cardinal Alexander Farnese. In later excavations, several galleries have come to light, filled with precious fragments of marble, or other *débris* of antiquity, which must have been the work of artists of the same epoch. History has but too clearly revealed the end which the excavators of that century proposed to themselves. The object of their sordid Vandalism was less to discover the site of ancient monuments, than to search the antique ruins in order to appropriate to themselves precious works of art, old inscriptions but half effaced by the slow hand of time, and like treasures; anything indeed, of value, likely to bring profit to themselves, and which they could transport elsewhere to adorn new churches, new palaces, and new monuments. Edifices that had still remained standing, defying the work of time, were pulled down for the sake of employing the precious marbles of which they were built. All went, says a contemporary writer, Ligorio, *in servizio della fabrica di San Pietro*. Everything of lesser value was thrown into the furnace. In an interesting report, made by the civil engineer, Lanciani, who had the direction of the Forum works, he assures us that the excavations of the sixteenth century did more harm to the monuments of the

Forum than the ten preceding centuries. Within the space of scarce ten years these barbarians demolished the stairs of the Temple of Justinian, and those of the Temple dedicated to Castor and Pollux ; heedless of the valuable inscriptions at its base, they pulled down the upper basement work—consisting of blocks of priceless marble—of the Temple of Cæsar. They also pulled down the whole vault of the Cloaca Maxima, and overthrew the Arch of Fabius and the Temple of Vesta, putting the columns, cornices, friezes, porticoes, and altars of different temples, to uses which utterly destroyed their value. They recklessly destroyed what they considered worthless, and fed their kilns with other and rarer materials than limestone.

Beneath the masonry of the Bridge of the Consolazione the soil had been explored, during the excavations carried on there from 1827 to 1835, by order of the Pontifical Government, when the embankment which now marks the modern road was being intersected by several subterraneous passages destined to unite within the same circuit the Arch of Septimus and the square surrounding the Column of Phocas. During the time employed by these works, the greater part of the rich soil of that neighbourhood had been examined, and the principal points of topographical interest studied and determined. Hence the clearing away of that embankment to make the new road promised but few discoveries, and was matter of interest rather to the engineer than to the archæologist. Notwithstanding these prior researches, and repeated disappointments, the excavations of 1882 have nevertheless not been useless from a scientific point of view : valuable results have been arrived at, enabling the site of the Forum to be positively determined ; some inscriptions of real worth have been brought to light, and lastly, the unexpected discovery of a portion of the map of Rome, at the time of Severus, have all combined to furnish important geographical data.

I.

The Sacred Way traversed the Forum throughout its whole extent. There it was that the armies of old passed on their way to the Capitol, amid the acclamations of the people, crowned with laurels, flushed with all the pride of military glory, and dazzled by their own conquests and greatness ; there it was that the Roman populace, ever greedy of sights, crowded with national enthusiasm to see the gorgeous pageantry pass slowly by, to admire the rich spoils of war, and the booty that fell to

the lot of the conquering leaders, to stare unpityingly at the prisoners that swelled the train of the haughty and cruel victor, whom they cheered as the idol of their hearts and their country's pride. During the Imperial epoch, the most important palaces and monuments of the Forum were all built along the Sacred Way. It was bordered to the north by the Constantine Basilica and the Temples of Romulus and of Antonine; whilst across all the space, full eight yards in length, which extended southwards of it, between the Sacred Way itself and the hills at the foot of the Palatine, it was covered with miserable hovels and stalls. A great many small private monuments had been erected, with statuettes surmounting their marble pedestals, or lodged in niches the colonnades of which supported a richly-sculptured frontal. Numbers of these smaller monuments, some in ruins, others perfectly well preserved, have been lately discovered during the excavations carried on in 1879 and 1882; indeed, so many of them came to light under the spade that the marvel is how they all could have been erected within so limited and confined a space, especially when we consider the many fountains, which were also discovered in 1879, and faced the great Temple of Romulus. The excavations of 1882 have also enriched the archaeological world with other monuments that bear dedicatory inscriptions in Latin, the most ancient of which have been traced back to the third century and to the reign of Septimus Severus, the latest reminding us of the fierce contests which characterized the fifth century and the time of the fall of the Roman Empire. The position of the Sacred Way in old times being thus defined and determined in part by edifices still standing, and by others of which it is easy to conjecture the original site, one would imagine it could not be very difficult to recognize and to re-explore it; nevertheless, archaeologists differ in their opinions as to its real historic position and direction.

The theory of M. Jordan, the able author of several highly valued works upon Roman topography, is, that the Sacred Way was at various times and epochs modified and altered by the buildings and additions, of different centuries and rulers, so that it is not to be wondered at if its outline and direction has often been changed. This theory, if somewhat bold, has nevertheless been strikingly confirmed by the latest discoveries. We see, for instance, that the Sacred Way, during the Imperial epoch, after passing through the Arch of Titus, turned to the right, in the direction of the Constantine Basilica, and then passing in a

direct but slanting line by the Temple of Romulus, it widened to the extent of between twelve and twenty-three yards, reaching as far as the Antonine Temple, and penetrating into the Forum properly so called by a new rectangular square, near the Temple of Castor. During the Republican epoch, there are proofs that it followed another direction. In a diagonal line drawn from the south-west angle of the Temple of Romulus to the south-eastern wing of the Temple of Castor, and forming an angle of nearly 23° with the route traced on the Imperial plan, fragments of antique pavements have been dug up. In a direction parallel to this, in the very midst of constructions bearing vestiges of the Imperial epoch, the basements of edifices which, by the style and taste of their architecture, undoubtedly recall the Republican era, re-appear upon the surface.

Thus, before the Empire, the Sacred Way, ascended in an oblique line the graceful slope of the Velia; whereas after the fall of the Empire, when the huge monuments of olden Rome were but a mass of ruins, it followed the simpler and direct route which it had originally pursued. In the ancient pavings which have been discovered, repairs are in fact observable, undeniably bearing the stamp of the sixth and seventh centuries' architecture. One thing is certain, that the whole neighbourhood in that district has undergone great and frequent changes, the opposite nature of which is attested by ruins of different epochs and different character. The fact is, that the former rulers of Rome, whatever the diversities marking their reigns and their personal characters, were possessed of the same passionate ambition to immortalize their names, by erecting standing monuments of their glory and fame in the celebrated spots now only haunted by their memory. This accounts for the Forum and its surrounding neighbourhood having so frequently changed aspect, and explains why the spade of the modern excavator strikes upon pavement after pavement, placed one above the other, as one city rose above another.

Towards the upper end of the Antonine Temple, the Sacred Way debouched into the Forum through the Arch of Fabius. This monument of the Republican epoch, erected some two hundred years before the Christian era by Fabius Maximus, still existed, it would seem, at least in part, up to middle of the sixteenth century, when it shared the common fate of the other edifices of that district, and completely disappeared. A few scattered fragments dispersed upon the soil, over a surface

measuring some four hundred yards, alone indicate that it once existed, but the similarity which all the ruins in that vicinity bear to one another show that they belong to an era of primitive simplicity and early grandeur, and it is scarcely possible to doubt that they are the remains of the Arch of Fabius. It must constantly be borne in mind, that during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the agents entrusted with work of excavation took no more pains to spare the foundations of the edifices than to preserve the monuments themselves. They ruthlessly tore up from the bowels of the earth what in their ignorance they considered worthless. When we consider that in certain parts the very foundation stones of the Julian Basilica, to the depth of three yards have not been respected, we need no longer wonder that all traces of the Arch of Fabius should thus have totally disappeared. That of Augustus, facing it, shared the same fate. The Senate of Rome, after the victory of Actium in 725, decided upon erecting in the Forum a triumphal monument that was to render the victor's name famous to all posterity: Imperial medals struck at that time, giving a good idea of its sumptuous and richly adorned grandeur, are still preserved in the Museum of the Capitol, and form the only memorial left of it. The excavations of 1882 have failed to discover any clue to the spot where that famous structure once stood. It was evidently sacrificed to the vandalism of the sixteenth century. Midway between the Farnese Gardens and the Sacred Way, an archæological investigation has been more fortunate, and more fruitful in results. In that district, at least, there still remain standing edifices of importance belong to the past, which support the theory of superposition of Republican over Imperial buildings to which we have alluded.

The neighbourhood of the Sacred Way enjoyed at all times the reputation of being the most commercial and thriving district of the olden city. Between its famous highway and the slope of the Palatine stood the showy and luxurious shops and warehouses of wealthy merchants, the princes of the West, carrying on a successful and lucrative trade and vying with their Eastern brethren in renown and opulence. Side by side with these were open stalls covered with costly flowers and fruit. Above all the shops of the jewellers and goldsmiths, of the dealers in silken and embroidered wares and stuffs, have left a record even to our day of the magnificence, luxury, and lavish expenditure of those times. It is specially the discovery of the ruins of these

ancient bazaars, among the most celebrated of which were those of the *margaritarii* (or jewellers that excelled in carving the *margarita* stone), for which we are indebted to the excavations of 1879 and 1882. The majestic remains of a splendid old portico, full seventy-nine yards in length, designed so as to form a curve, running parallel to the Sacred Road, are the ruins of the famous *Porticus Margaritariorum*. Beyond it we are able to find traces guiding us in further researches, in the dilapidated houses and stalls that lay around it, and to which it formerly gave access; they are constructions of but indifferent style and interest, yet in their midst are clearly discernible the traces of more important edifices of the Republic, that form a striking contrast with the constructions in the Imperial style that are mingled with them. Close to the Temple of Vesta, the outline of which can be clearly traced, there extended to a considerable distance a populous district, with buildings of high and fine architecture, among which the most remarkable was undoubtedly the old Convent (if we may use the word) of the Vestals, adjoining the temple consecrated to the worship of Vesta, including a palace that served as the official residence of their Supreme Pontiff.

According to tradition, the whole of this block was included under the denomination of the *Regia*, and was founded by Numa Pompilius. It was several times destroyed by fire, and rebuilt by the Roman Kings. Julius Cæsar selected it for his residence in his character of Supreme Pontiff. It changed its primitive destination under the rule of Augustus, because that Emperor chose to transfer the seat of his Pontificate to his favourite Palatine palace. Besides the apartments in the *Regia* exclusively appropriated to the high priest of the Vestals and his acolytes, and the long cloisters devoted to the use of the Virgins, it comprised likewise a sanctuary or *sacrarium*, containing all the precious ornaments consecrated to the mysterious and mystic fire-worship of its votaries, and another part of it was distinguished under the designation of *atrium regium*, or *atrium Vestæ*. In the recent excavations of which we have spoken, certain buildings have been discovered whose style leads us to conclude, with comparative certainty, that they must be the famous ruins of the *Regia* itself. They reveal traces of richly carved shafts of columns, fragments of beautifully coloured mosaic, and fine paintings, all doubtless belonging to the interesting period of

the early Republican era ; but further investigation is needed to give fuller evidence and proof as to the authenticity of this apparently well-founded belief.

II.

The demolition of the Consolazione Bridge has not furnished topographical science with any important results, all the region adjacent to it having already been explored ; but an interesting basso-relievo on Constantine's arch, representing this part of the Forum, has helped in the discovery and recognition of many important edifices. At the distance of a few paces from the Julian Basilica, and quite close to the Temple of Saturn, there formerly towered the massive arch erected by the Emperor Tiberius as a memorial of the capture of the flags of Varus. Some stones of it were still standing as late as 1850. The celebrated golden mile-stone that served as the centre of the Roman world, and formed the starting-point of all the military high-roads of the Empire, was also in this neighbourhood, close to a fountain famed in historical records, as being the spot where sentence of proscription and banishment against outlaws used to be publicly read. Not far off is the Servilian Lake, near which the heads of the senators massacred by the orders of Sylla were exposed.

Between the Arches of Tiberius and Septimus there formerly extended a vast semi-circular terrace, which recent exploration has helped to free from its bulwark of masonry. It is reported that this wall, or terrace, still covered in many places with inscriptions, and pierced and dilapidated by cannon-balls, served as a tribune for haranguing the mob, and was one of those famous historical *tria rostra* which towards the close of the Imperial era strangers flocked to visit and admire. In the bas-reliefs above mentioned there is, in fact, the effigy of an Emperor standing on this terrace addressing in the Forum the crowd below, but it is generally considered to belong to another monument, and to be the Græcostase, where, during Republican rule, ambassadors were wont to assemble for granting audiences to the Senate. Of the golden mile-stone, no vestige whatever has been found, and it would seem that the progress of the excavations will throw but little light on the subject.

At present workmen are engaged in clearing away the rubbish which hides from view the upper basement of Saturn's Temple, and in making the thoroughfare facing the Julian

Basilica passable. Fragments of antique pavement of the Vicus Jugarius, a narrow way that derived the name from an altar of the Temple of Juno Juga, the patron goddess of matrimony, have been discovered around the Capitol, near the region where Octavia's Portico lies, and where, every year, the religious procession of the Aventine used to pass to offer a propitiatory sacrifice in Juno's honour. This Vicus Jugarius was an important channel of communication with the Forum, and we can now trace the foundations of Saturn's Temples, close to Tiberius' Arch. The continuation of the excavations will no doubt furnish further proofs confirming this discovery.

In demolishing a row of buildings of the middle ages, which arose on the angle of the Julian Basilica, opposite to the pulpits for haranguing the people, two inscriptions of considerable interest have come to light. One of these contains a list of names recording the successive administrators, or paymasters, of the treasury of Saturn's Temple during the first twenty years of the Christian era, and completes and satisfactorily fills up the blanks of a similar list that has already appeared in print, in the *Corpus Inscriptionum* of the year 1496. The second is even more important, being nothing less than a concise biography of Flavius Sabinus, brother of the great Emperor Vespasian, who, in his quality and position of Vice-Governor of Moesia, Commissioner of the Census in the Province of Gaul, and Prefect of the Praetorium, had on several occasions singularly distinguished himself. The State, in reward of his services, and wishing, perhaps, also to pay a delicate compliment to the Emperor, resolved to honour his memory by rendering him at his death exceptional honours. The Senate resolved that the funeral of Flavius Sabinus should be entirely defrayed at the cost of the public exchequer, and celebrated with the special distinctions that used, in those times, to be the exclusive privilege of those who had formerly been censors; a decree was further passed, that his bust should be placed in the Senate House, and a statue erected in his honour in the Forum. Public funeral honours were paid him, official eulogies and panegyrics were recited, and commemorative monuments were erected to his fame, as the recently discovered inscriptions testify.

Lastly, an entirely unexpected discovery was made in the courtyard of Santa Maria Liberatrice. Everybody is now familiar with a copy of the famous plan of Rome, drawn up at the period of Septimus Severus, and the fragments of which

have been preserved in the rare collection of the Museum of the Capitol. It may be remembered that it was discovered by Antonio Dosio, in the garden of the humble Convent of SS. Cosmo and Damian, during the Pontificate of Pius the Fourth, in 1559 ; its remaining fragments came to light a few years later, near the same spot, and it was, in fact, upon the walls of the Templum Sacrae Urbis that tradition asserts it was originally fixed. Here, in all probability, it was allowed to remain until the eighth century, when its fragments were scattered or lost, some of them buried in the soil, others carried elsewhere. This valuable relic of past history, though found far from its original site, completes by its broken inscription, sculptured on a marble slab which formed part of the Temple of Castor, the other fragment already preserved at the Capitol, thereby throwing considerable light upon the history of that locality and period ; for, had Castor's Temple, according to the modern erroneous supposition of some archæologists, been situated nearer the slope of the Palatine, it would have been indicated upon the old plan of the city. By a singular and fortunate coincidence, the fragment which has been found allows us to confirm suppositions that had hitherto remained mere conjectures. It becomes clear that the old Temple of Castor must have been an isolated monument, forming the centre, or nucleus, of the many lanes and passages in the surrounding neighbourhood. It was separated from the Julian Basilica by the Vicus Tuscus at the north, whilst in the south the Vicus Vestæ stretched between it and the main body of constructions that surround the beautiful Temple of Vesta. A third road, westward, traversed the lower part of the Farnese Gardens, past the Arch of Titus, and separated the valley of the Colosseum from the Forum. This last is undoubtedly the celebrated Via Nova of the ancients. To the east, the ruins of a dilapidated staircase in marble must have led, in an oblique line, from the Sacred Way to the Palatine, plainly indicating the communication which existed between the palace of the Caesars and the Forum, to which access seems to have been easy from the portico of Caligula's house, either by the Porta Romana, or by a broad highway which descends past the present site of the Church of St. Theodore. The Scalæ Annulariæ, a series of rough flights of steps, led by a shorter cut into the Forum.

The superficial researches of the architects of the sixteenth century, which wrought such havoc in the existing remains of

ancient Rome, can never be sufficiently regretted. At the same time the modern investigator finds the drawings and sketches then made of the greatest value. Without them a large proportion of the recent discoveries would not have been made. It is some consolation for the injury they did to the ancient city, that in doing it they necessarily left a mass of information which but for them would not have been preserved to the present day.

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The Recent Excavations of the Roman Forum. 351

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Mr. Gladstone and Garibaldi.

C'est une chose admirable que tous les grands hommes ont toujours du caprice, quelque petit grain de folie mêlé à leur science.

MOLIÈRE, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, i. 5.

WHAT connection can there possibly be between the honoured name of William Ewart Gladstone and the infamous man, yclept Giuseppe Garibaldi? What is the bond of union between the two—where the attraction of the one for the other? Gladstone and Garibaldi; both names begin with a capital G, and there the likeness ends. Mr. Gladstone, as all the world knows, is an accomplished gentleman and a ripe scholar; it is matter of as familiar knowledge that Garibaldi was neither. Mr. Gladstone is a religious—his enemies say an ostentatiously religious—man; Garibaldi was an avowed atheist, as addicted as Bradlaugh to the sterile imbecility of blasphemy, worshipping, when he worshipped at all, before the shrine of the goddess of reason, or sacrificing at the altar of Béranger's heathen "Dieu des bonnes gens." Mr. Gladstone, it is hardly necessary to say, is a man of unimpeachable honour, loyal to his Queen, true to his friends, and generous to his opponents; Garibaldi was from the outset of his career to its close thoroughly disloyal, a traitor to his King, false to his friends, and cruel to his enemies. Mr. Gladstone is a man of genius, a politician eminent in more than one department, an orator with few, a financier with none, to rival him, a great statesman of high aims, enlightened views, wide sympathies, and varied experience; Garibaldi was a hare-brained adventurer, with head of ass and heart of lion, a good-natured enough poor devil, but a freebooter, a pirate, an out-and-out Communist, a red republican, a willing instrument for the overthrow of all social order and religious belief in the hands of cleverer and more unprincipled men even than he, whose life, made loathsome by concubinage and disreputable marriages, was passed in conspiracy, violence, bloodshed, lust, and

blasphemy. In a word, Mr. Gladstone is emphatically all that Garibaldi was not, admirable no less for the noble virtues of his domestic life than for the lofty aspirations, spotless integrity, and undeniable earnestness, which have distinguished an exceptionally long, conspicuously brilliant, and most honourable public career.

What in the world then took him one fine Saturday morning to Stafford House? *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* What could the Prime Minister of England have in sympathy with the objects of that singular meeting? What great necessity required his presence in such mixed company? Are the ordinary cares of State not enough for his extraordinary activity, wonderful capacity for work, exceptional powers of endurance, untiring exertions in the public service, that, at a period of life when other men are seeking a well-earned repose, he must needs add to the fatigue of Cabinet Councils, attendance on deputations, and early and late sittings in the House of Commons by extra-official acts and utterances, which in too many cases serve only to give a handle to his enemies and detract from the deservedly high reputation he enjoys amongst his friends? Is the work of the present Session advancing so entirely to his own satisfaction and that of his political friends and opponents, that he can spare time and strength and breath for such thoroughly useless and uninteresting subjects as the memory of Garibaldi? Is his influence in the country so steadily on the increase, his reputation for consistency so indisputable, his recent experience of lawlessness in Ireland so pleasant, that he can afford to flap his wings and crow himself hoarse in the delivery of panegyrics, which falling from any other lips would sound exceedingly like twaddle, to the exaltation of him who was nothing if he was not the very embodiment of conspiracy, lawlessness, and rebellion?

But what was it that attracted Mr. Gladstone to Stafford House? What induced him to take part in the ceremonial, and lend the charm of his voice to the celebration therein enacted? Great men, if Molière is to be trusted, have their whims, no less than we smaller fry. Mr. Gladstone is no exception to the rule. He too has his fads; indeed, his surpassing greatness makes him all the more liable to the infirmity. But when great men are great, because their genius has raised them to the dignity of public and representative characters; when their merit, recognised and appreciated by their fellow-countrymen, has placed them at the head of a powerful nation like England; when they

have come to bear upon their shoulders the burdens, the solicitudes, and the responsibilities of an Empire vast as ours, it is obvious to remark that they cannot always air their private hobbies and parade their fantastic notions, either with safety to their own character for wisdom, or with impunity to the welfare of those whose destinies they hold, for the time being, in their hands. Now the meeting at Stafford House owes all its importance to the words then and there spoken by the Prime Minister of England; and that they knew right well, depend upon it, who had taken the precaution to obtain his countenance of their proceedings by securing his presence at them. The Duke of Sutherland is no doubt socially a very great man indeed, but when we have said that he is a Duke, all has been said that need be said about him. He plumes himself indeed on his singular felicity in having once had Garibaldi all to himself for ten consecutive days on board the ducal yacht—a happiness by the way enjoyed for a much longer period by Garibaldi's brother pirates in the southern seas. Every man to his taste. But the Duke of Sutherland might have cruised pleasantly with the rover to the crack of doom, and held meetings and put up memorial tablets innumerable, and still the world would not have cared a button about the matter. But the case assumes an entirely new aspect from the moment that Mr. Gladstone enters upon the scene. The presence of Mr. Gladstone in their midst is a sanction than which few higher or more authoritative can be procured for their purposes by any assemblage of Englishmen, and his words, by reason of the exalted position he holds in the counsels of his Sovereign, no less than on account of his own high character, superior wisdom, and commanding eloquence, are weighty and far-reaching as are the utterances of few other men in our day. Amazing, then, most amazing under the peculiar circumstances of the hour, and most discouraging to all who have at heart the future welfare of their country, the cause of social order, and the interests of religion, were the part taken and the words spoken by Mr. Gladstone in the recent ceremonial at Stafford House.

The chivalrous ardour with which, as he was reminded on the occasion referred to, Mr. Gladstone years ago rushed to the rescue of "oppressed nationalities" in Italy, and, forgetting that only a few years before the prisons of England were little better, exposed, and in the heat of his righteous indignation perhaps just a trifle over-stated, the horrors of Neapolitan dungeons,

proves this at any rate, if it proves nothing else, that our Premier is a man of keen sensibilities. He cannot but have thought mournfully, as he passed on his way to Stafford House on that Saturday morning, of the young life which only a few hours before had paid the penalty of crime at Kilmainham Gaol; he cannot but have remembered with a pang that there was yet another Irish stripling to pay the same forfeit of his life on that day week; he cannot but have reflected seriously on the State trial then already well in sight, at which certain men, foreigners too, who had no grievance against the English nation, would be accused, as they have since been convicted, of levying war against our Sovereign Lady the Queen. And yet, his head full of this knowledge, and his heart heavy with thoughts depressing as these, the Prime Minister of England, fresh from stifling a nefarious conspiracy which has its ramifications in England and America, as well as in Ireland, steps lightly from his brougham into Stafford House, to take part in a celebration which had for its object to commemorate the achievements of the licensed conspirator, rebel, and freebooter of our age, and to belaud the memory of a man, who was all his life long hand and glove with assassins, the intimate friend, the willing tool, the trusted agent, the unscrupulous knight-errant of conspiring scoundrels far more deeply dyed in villainy than the worst of the conspirators, whose recent crimes have set the civilized world aghast with terror and dismay.

But Mr. Gladstone was for the moment under a spell or fascination. That little minute particle or grain of madness, which Molière avouches is always blended with the genius of great men, and which Mr. Gladstone seems to share with his fellows, had come to the top, and was for the moment in the ascendant. How else are we to understand and explain the extraordinary language of the Prime Minister on the "interesting occasion in question"? The cheers which greeted his arrival had scarcely died away, when, helped out by the Duke of Sutherland, he, with his usual marvellous ingenuity, discovers for the edification of his hearers "some most interesting points" in the hitherto unexplored character of the Hero of United Italy, with which the world at large is perhaps not quite so familiar as Mr. Gladstone himself, and with the enumeration of which he vouchsafes to enlighten the mental darkness of such of us as fail to discern any little dim difference between the claims set up by Garibaldi to be considered a "great patriot," and

those advanced by dynamite conspirators and Secret Society assassins to a similar distinction. And first in order of enumeration, though not in importance, amongst the "merits and attractions" of General Garibaldi, comes—well, what do you think, gentle reader?—his "splendid integrity," as illustrated, no doubt, by his having once enlisted in the Royal service in order to debauch his comrades from their military allegiance, or as it is again exemplified in the great pecuniary profit he derived from his political crimes, the large salary he enjoyed, and the payment he had procured of his own and his son's debts, by repeated calls upon the liberality of the Italian King and nation.

But the quality Mr. Gladstone selects from every other, and holds up to our special admiration, is "this, which was in apparent contrast but in real harmony in Garibaldi—the union of the most profound and tender humanity with fiery valour." The fiery valour of Garibaldi no one will perhaps feel disposed to dispute. But as for his "profound and tender humanity," this surely is an entirely new and most startling discovery in the character and blood-stained career of the great soldier of the Revolution. Profound and tender humanity of Garibaldi? Yes, tenderness such as the wolf shows to the lamb, the hawk to the sparrow, the cat to the mouse; humanity such as was displayed by the man whose first public appearance was as a sort of Guy Fawkes scheming to blow into the air, not naughty King Bomba, or the wicked Pope of Rome, but his own lawful Sovereign, as he sat with all his Court at the Opera House in Genoa; who on another occasion delivered up the inhabitants of Imbrui in South America to rapine, rape, and slaughter; who once at least sanctioned in Rome the murder in cold blood of harmless and unoffending priests; and who, the open advocate of political assassination and the docile pupil of the great apostle of the stiletto, was during a long course of years the sword of the Revolution, as Mazzini was its dagger.

In Mr. Gladstone's mind there cannot be a doubt about the "profound and tender humanity" of Garibaldi's great soul, because he had the secret from the hero's own lips as they set together over their cups at the hospitable table of Sir Antonio Panizzi in the days of Garibaldi's memorable visit to London in 1864. In that convivial hour Garibaldi "conversed very freely" with Mr. Gladstone and told our sympathetic Premier how, when he was a little boy at Genoa, he never

played truant, like other good-for-nothing boys, to go and see the soldiers pass with bands and flags, because "it struck him then as a matter of pain and horror that it should be necessary that one portion of mankind should be set aside to have for their profession the business of destroying others." Addressed to Mr. Bright goody words such as these might have thrown some little dust in that peaceful gentleman's eyes, because they jump so entirely with his own sentiments and principles; but that they should have sufficed to convince the acute mind of Mr. Gladstone that "cruelty never found a lodgment in that heroic breast" would pass belief, if we did not know that Mr. Gladstone is thoroughly sincere when he quotes them to his hearers. But if Mr. Gladstone is satisfied, will unsophisticated mankind be equally so, who, not having enjoyed his advantage of coming under the spell of Garibaldi's "seductive simplicity of manner," and not having felt the charm of "that inborn and native grace which seemed to attend all his actions," find it difficult to forget how completely and how speedily the "heroic breast" had conquered the "pain and horror" of earlier days, so thoroughly indeed and so quickly that from budding manhood to latest age he is found engaged, not by stern necessity's enforcement but by choice, by preference, by predilection, in scenes of bloodshed, violence, and rapine. No, Mr. Gladstone, splendidly veracious statements, rodomontade and fustian of this kind are too much even for English gullibility and English dulness made duller still by rancorous hatred of everything Catholic, and ordinary common-sense Englishmen will find it hard to draw any distinction between the deliverer of Italy on the one hand, his ends and the road he took to reach them, and the Irish Invincibles on the other, their aims and the measures they adopted to attain them, except in favour of the latter, as being at least free from the filthiness of life, selfishness of purpose, and hatred of the Church of God which characterized the Italian freebooter. The "Saviour of Italy" reaped the reward of successful, "Joe Brady" paid the penalty of unsuccessful, crime. In the trump suit of the pack of cards shuffled by the tricky hand of conspiracy, Garibaldi was the king, Brady only a poor knave; the naughty knave was hanged, the wicked king is immortalized:

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged to kill,
And numbers sanctified the crime.

The character and memory of Garibaldi are sacred and unassailable, for he, as Corneille puts it in speaking of successful villainy—

Quoiqu' il ait fait ou fasse, il est inviolable,

because, according to the new gospel of modern civilization, concreted in English Liberalism and expounded by Mr. Gladstone, might is right, robbery on a grand scale a virtue, and injustice crowned with success a merit.

Mr. Gladstone's words, if uttered merely in his own person, or if they could be considered as nothing more than the superfluous utterance of his own private opinions would be lamentable enough, because eminently calculated to lessen the good opinion men have of the correctness of his taste and the soundness of his judgments; but falling as they do from the lips of the Prime Minister of England, the First Lord of the Treasury, the first servant of the Crown, of the man in whose hands are the honour and safety of England, specially bound to see that that honour is exposed to no stain, and that safety to no danger, they are a great deal worse than senseless, because they display a forgetfulness of first principles, a recklessness of consequences, a disregard of the feelings of millions of his Catholic fellow-subjects, both in and out of England, as deplorable as the total absence they proclaim of that wisdom, prudence, and discretion we have a right to expect in a statesman of his calibre.

Have his countrymen then been all this time in error as to his true character, or is he really what he has ever been? No, he has not changed; he is the same, now and for ever. He is too old to change. He is truly, what one has been used for long years to consider him—a great man, but his greatness lacks to-day what it has always lacked, a very essential characteristic of true greatness. Mr. Gladstone never sees the error of his ways (and great men are sometimes human for all their greatness), never retracts his words, never retraces his steps, and having been mistaken never owns himself in the wrong. His recent presence, therefore, and the words he has lately spoken at Stafford House, though no surprise to those more familiar with this side of his remarkable character, are none the less a genuine and very grievous disappointment to many simple persons, who, sincere admirers of the Premier, were fondly hoping that he had now less confidence than of yore in the wisdom which prompted him to shake hands with Garibaldi

in 1864, and less absolute pride in the enthusiastic zeal with which some years ago he took a prominent part in advocating the cause of the so-called "oppressed nationalities" of the Italian peninsula.

Nothing of the kind. On one question at least, the Italian question, if not upon others, Mr. Gladstone is from first to last consistent with himself, true to his principles, steadfast in his convictions as a Liberal statesman. He was the friend of Italy in his youth; and the lapse of fifty years has not impaired the constancy of an affection which in his old age will, as he says, "only grow warmer and warmer till he dies." But the Italy which Mr. Gladstone loved and befriended yesterday, and which he loves and befriends with all the old ardour to-day, is the Italy such as Garibaldi and the Revolution have made her, such as Mr. Gladstone and other English statesmen of his way of thinking have helped Garibaldi and the Revolution to make her, in the words of Dante, not a Queen among the nations, but a harlot—

Ahi, serva Italia, di dolore ostello,
Nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta,
Non donna di provincie, ma bordello ;—

when by systematic bribery and corruption and by the terrorism of the assassin's dagger, the treasonable agitation of the secret societies compassed throughout the peninsula the overthrow of the Kingdom of Naples, of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, of the Duchies of Parma and Modena, and of the Temporal Power of the Pope, with the Sovereigns of each and all of which States Garibaldi's King and Gladstone's Queen were at perfect peace, without so much as the shadow of a pretext to pick a quarrel. This is the Italy of which Mr. Gladstone always has been, and is still, a staunch friend. "I speak from what I know," said Garibaldi in London, in 1864, "that the Queen and Government of England, represented by Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, have done a wonderful deal for our native Italy. If it had not been for this country, we should still have been under the yoke of the Bourbons at Naples. If it had not been for Admiral Mundy, I should never have been permitted to pass the Straits of Messina." It is undeniable, then, that Mr. Gladstone took a leading part in the work which has resulted in the much-vaunted unification of Italy, in so far at least as, over and above his responsibility as a Cabinet Minister of the English Crown at that momentous period of modern history, few Englishmen have done more than he "to prepare the way for Garibaldi's

achievements" in Italy, by perverting the public mind in this country as to the true character and real aims of the revolutionary faction of which Garibaldi was the chosen and trusted agent.

Mr. Gladstone has, therefore, good reason and an indisputable right to expect that some few rays, at least, of the glory accruing from Garibaldi's achievements shall be reflected back upon his own head. But if in the eyes of an all-seeing and all-righteous God that glory is not glory, but infamy; if the unification of Italy was brought about, not by fair, but by foul means; if the foundations of the new kingdom were laid on the violation of every right, human and Divine, its walls built up upon plunder and cemented with unhallowed bloodshed, and the whole work crowned with rapine, fraud, and sacrilege—then with equal fairness may the world expect Mr. Gladstone, who having long years ago thrown in his lot for better for worse with Italian revolutionists, is, by his own admission—*habemus confitentem reum*—an accomplice both before and after the fact in the work achieved by the immortal trio—Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and Garibaldi—to bear resignedly, if not contentedly, his just share in the ignominy with which the names of the founders of Italian unity will go down to future ages.

There must, assuredly, be some wretched twist in the moral and intellectual being of the Statesman who can display offhand to the bewildered eyes and ears of his fellow-countrymen and of the world a spectacle of logical inconsistency and utter blindness to those first principles of justice and morality which God and nature have implanted in our hearts, so disenchanted and so deplorable as that lately exhibited to mankind by the presence and by the utterances of Mr. Gladstone at Stafford House. If the end hallows the adoption of means how nefarious soever for its attainment; if because King Bomba was, like his brothers of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, an effete, stupid, blundering, and bigoted old Bourbon, who kept his political prisoners without trial in the durance vile of loathsome dungeons; if because the Pope had not a trade as brisk, a commerce as wide-world, ironclads as gigantic, and big guns as far-reaching and all-destroying to show, as can be produced by the pounds, shillings, and pence of Old England, and never succeeded, any more than the usurpers of his dominions have succeeded, in draining the Pontine Marshes; if for any or all of these and other causes the "oppressed nationalities" of the Italian Penin-

sula were justified in conspiring and rebelling to throw off the yoke,—how, on Mr. Gladstone's own showing, shall it be deemed a wrong and wicked thing in the “oppressed nationality” of Ireland to ask at the hands of England, after centuries of mismanagement and cruel misrule, for a little moiety of that self-government, which, if the principles of Mr. Gladstone's Liberalism are sound, it is the indefeasible right of nations to claim, and, when they cannot get it for the asking, to wrest by any means from the reluctant grasp of their legitimate rulers? How shall it on Mr. Gladstone's own showing be deemed a wrong and wicked thing for the leaders of Irish agitation to use means to enforce their demands which, at their worst, never came near the villainies perpetrated by the filibuster of Italy, and never involved the sacrilege and the treachery of which he was guilty?

These are a few of the questions which are suggested by the meeting at Stafford House to the meanest capacity, and which are obvious to all, even to those whose lives and thoughts are total strangers to the field of politics, but who have wit enough to know that two and two do not make four in one place and five in another, that what is intrinsically wrong here can never be intrinsically right there, and that if terrorism, murder, secret compplot, and open outrage, are everywhere a gross violation of the law of God and man, it is as much against that law to achieve autonomy by conspiracy in Italy as to achieve it by the same means in Ireland. That English statesmen should shrink from granting to Ireland the coveted boon of Home Rule is intelligible from their standpoint, because Home Rule, they seem to say, will lead to the repeal of the Union, and repeal of the Union to the dismemberment of the British Empire. All well and good; but if those who entertain these opinions and hold this language, a right which no one is in the least disposed to deny them, have any regard for their characters as men of logical consistency, they cannot hold up the Land League party to our reprobation as “a party of rebels,” because they will not pledge themselves not to labour to obtain the independence of Ireland, and in the same breath pronounce high-sounding, but vapid, eulogiums on the “patriotism” of Cavour, of Victor Emmanuel, of Garibaldi, and by implication, of Mazzini also.

But it is not alone the subject-matter of your discourse, good Mr. Gladstone—that is nothing new—it is quite as much the bad taste, the worse than bad taste—the thanklessness you have

thought proper to display in the hour and in the circumstances selected by you for its delivery. As Prime Minister of England, you expect, as you have an undoubted right to expect, that we Catholic priests shall be prepared to do our duty dauntlessly by the Government of our country. Never fear that in this we shall disappoint your hopes. Why then have you selected so inauspicious a moment as the present, when thousands of Catholic priests, as loyal to the cause of justice as they are zealous in the cause of God, in England, Ireland, and America, are straining every nerve to keep to their duty and their allegiance to God hot-headed young Irishmen, boiling over with the sense of their country's wrongs and sufferings, why, we ask, do you choose out this particular hour for weakening instead of strengthening our hands by your uncalled for presence at Stafford House to preach up Garibaldi and proclaim to the world, that we are wrong when we tell the dupes of the secret societies, that no end, however holy, can sanctify unhallowed means and that freedom, therefore, may not be purchased at the price of conspiracy and rebellion?

But if you had no thought for us, the humblest of his sons and servants, as true to him as to our Queen, you might at least, one would have thought, have shown some respect, under the peculiar circumstances of the hour in which you listed up your voice to utter praises of Garibaldi, for the feelings of the Vicar of Christ, who, when he condemned the Fenian brotherhood, rendered you a signal service. True, the Pope has done no more for you in the case of Fenianism than what he has already done or is prepared to do for the Czar in the case of Nihilism, for the Emperor of Germany in the case of Socialism, and for the French Republic in the case of Communism. But though the duty he owes to God and His Church, not the hope of an earthly reward or of earning the thanks of his fellow-men, was the motive of his action in these as in all other circumstances, yet so far as you yourself were concerned, could you not in common decency, if not in gratitude, have found some less unfortunate opportunity to flaunt in his face the achievements of the Red-shirted Hero of that nefarious Revolution, to which the Pope owes the loss of his territories and his actual enforced imprisonment at the Vatican?

The Liberalism of English statesmen, so at least we are told, is not as the Liberalism of foreign politicians. The statement, it is to be hoped, is true, for the Liberalism of the Continent is

as anarchical as its Freemasonry is atheistic. But if the conduct and the words of Mr. Gladstone, who, though no Freemason, does the work of the Freemasons as effectually as if he were one of themselves, are any index or test in the matter, it is to be feared that there is little to choose between Liberalism of home and Liberalism of foreign growth, since in honouring Garibaldi, the type, not of patriotism and freedom, but of violence, disorder, and rebellion, Mr. Gladstone proclaims the principle of anarchy, and once more exhibits, by his presence and by his words at Stafford House in 1883, just as, on the occasion of Garibaldi's visit to London, he exhibited in 1864, that want of political probity, that absence of any thorough, hearty, and consistent recognition of justice, truth, and honour as the rule of action, and that unscrupulous eagerness to raise or take up any cry, however senseless, that inflames the passions or flatters the prejudices of the multitude, which form so constant a quantity in the conduct of the politicians of our times. It is men of this stamp who degrade the public morality of a nation and precipitate it to its ruin. Corruption proceeds invariably from above, where the principles are formulated and the examples set which, filtering down to the strata below, end at last in decadence, disaster, and downfall. Mr. Gladstone makes a hero of the marauder, whose life was a life of rebellion against both God and man. How long will the unreflecting masses, educated without knowledge or thought of God and constantly played upon by artful and designing men, continue in this country to be actuated by right feelings, when their rulers do their utmost to prevent and corrupt them? The mischief we have sown in other countries we are even now reaping in our own. The present Prime Minister of England, who years ago abandoned and once again repudiates to-day the old honourable traditions of England to abet and approve conspiracy and rebellion in foreign lands, has lived long enough to see the wickedness, of which he was and is still the moral accomplice, fall back in well-merited retribution upon his own head.

WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

The Fisher Wife's Story.

"I SET me down on the shingle
That paves the blue sea, one day ;
When my man in his boat went sailin'
To his fishin' out o' the Bay.
My little lassie played by me—
My only, my pretty one !
Piling the dry wrack fragments
On many a wave-washed stone.
Ay, she *was* pretty—my dearie !
Round her father's heart she'd twine ;
I clasped her close to my bosom—
I kissed her, and cried, " Thou art *mine*!"

Do ye know the joy o' possessin' ?—
To have a wee thing o' your own,
O' which all the world can't rob you—
Your own, and your only one ?—
Not grand, like the great blue ocean
That no mortal man may claim ;
Nor great, as this big, proud kingdom,
That is but the Queen's by name.
Not high, like the fresh, warm sunlight
That played o'er my lassie's face ;
Nor still, like the pale sea-roses,
She gathered about the place.
Nay—a thing to be loved and lovin'—
A somethin' not *too* divine !
A child to be clasped and to clasp you,
Like this—this child o' mine ! . . .

Was I dreaming then o'er deeply ?
Was a demon nigh at hand,
To lull my care to slumber
For my child on the shingly strand ?
Why could'nt I see the breakers
Come washing nigher our feet ?
Or hear that a storm was brewing,
And the waves were lashed to sleet ?
I never saw, and I heard not,
Till I knew that the hollow form
Of one of those grim white horses
Came by in a foaming storm :—
Till I knew I was left there sitting
Alone—yes, I *was* alone !
And *she* was out on the waters—
Quick I caught at her wrack and stone.
“ I'll keep 'em, I keep 'em for 'ee ! ”
I cried, for my mind ran wild ;—
In saving my darling's treasures,
I thought I had saved my child ! . . .

O waves, white waves ! Beside me
Ye brought back my pretty child ;
Ye tangled her curls as ye bore her
To where her wrack lay piled.
Ye closed her eyes as ye rocked her
In your giant arms to rest ;
But I caught her quickly from ye,
And I clasped her to my breast.

Ah, woe was in that moment,
And woe, woe, woe for me !
For if such be a possessin'
What may the losin' be ?
O I strove to open those eyelids,

And to chafe those hands in vain!—
Then I laid her down on the shingle,
And knelt to my God in my pain.
And I cried with a tearless anguish—
“I was wrong to call her mine;
Thou hast taken her from me, Father,
To teach me the child was Thine!”

Then I turned once more to the lassie,
An' I kissed her despairingly;
But oh, as I pressed her forehead,
The touch felt warm to me!
And then, in another moment
I had looked on her blue, blue eye,
Which I thought had closed for ever
On this earth, and sea, and sky!
Then once more I drew her to me;
And there, on that shingle shore,
With my child in my arms held tightly,
I spoke to the Lord once more:—

And the great, white breakers heard me,
As they rolled up in curdling foam;
And the fisher father heard me,
For his boat was nearing home;
And the swift wild sea-gull heard me,
As it flew to its rock-built nest;
And He in Heaven heard me,
Who knoweth and loveth best:—
“O Father, high in Heaven!
Thou hast taught me now to see
That the child Thy love hath given,
Is mine—to keep for Thee!”

FRANCES KERSHAW.

The place of Sacraments in Religion.

THE Christian Religion may be said to consist of two distinct and correlative parts—of *Sacrifice* on the one hand, and of *Sacraments* on the other.

It consists of Sacrifice,—or that which man offers and gives to God; and of Sacraments,—or that which God in His turn bestows upon men.

Hence in religion there is a communion or intercourse, an exchange, or, in one word, a *commerce* between earth and Heaven, between God and His creature—Man.

In this commerce consists the foundation and essence of that idea which is expressed by the word *religion*. For what does religion—which may be described as the theoretical and practical recognition of man's relations with his Maker—mean save a binding or rather a re-binding together, according to the traditional etymology,¹ of those who are either separated by nature or who have been severed by reason of circumstances.

This binding or re-uniting of two separate parties supposes the existence of a *Mediator*; and the idea of a mediator again supposes certain means which he shall use in order to effect his purpose, and secure this end of re-union.

Those means in the Christian religion, which is the ministry of reconciliation between God and man, and in which man has a mediator with his Maker, we know by the name of *Sacraments*.

¹ There are various opinions with regard to the etymology of the word *religio*, and perhaps most scholars would derive it rather from *relegere*, to consider, or lay to heart again and again, than from *relicare*, to rebind. This may very probably be true with regard to the primary derivation of the word in its pagan sense, or as understood and used before Christianity. But, on the other hand, ecclesiastical writers take for granted the derivation from *relicare*, and it may be fairly argued that whatever may be the case as a matter of classical scholarship, the idea of *relicare* better and more adequately represents the meaning of *religio* in its Christian sense. Many classical words are used ecclesiastically in a "usurped sense," and in this sense they may be said to have a "usurped" etymological derivation.

God and man are *separated by nature*; and they have been *severed also by circumstances*.

They are separated by nature essentially and necessarily, absolutely and infinitely. There exists between them an interval which is infinite. The One Living and True God is the One Creator of all men and of all things. All men are His creatures. They are not only the work of His hands, but they are called by Him by an act, or, so to speak, by a word, which is an expression of His omnipotent will, from the abyss of previous absolute nothingness into the reality of actual being. In their actual being or existence they are also preserved by Him, or upheld by the same word of His Almighty power. As He is man's one Creator so is He man's one Preserver; for what is preservation in being save a continuation of that act of creation which gave being? It is a perpetual inflow of that being which in creation had its source. As the One Creator and Preserver of all men, God is necessarily their one Sovereign Lord. His being their Master is a necessary consequence of His being their Maker. As His creatures, all men are as necessarily, and by an essential law of their created being, God's subjects and servants, born to a state of vassalage, from which they can never emancipate themselves or be emancipated. God can no more emancipate men from their state of servitude than they can emancipate themselves. This is no derogation from His omnipotence, for this does not lie within the province of power. God cannot release men from their allegiance, for God cannot abdicate His own essential sovereignty. To do so would involve a contradiction—that the human should become the Divine, the inferior the Supreme, the created the Uncreated, the finite the Infinite. God can no more relieve His creature from its createdness than He can divest Himself of His Creatorship. He cannot alter the fact, on which His essential and necessary, absolute, universal, and supreme dominion rests as on its foundation—that He was Creator, and that man was, and therefore is and ever must be, His creature.

This then is the primary and fundamental relation between God and man—His royalty, dominion, and right of property on the one side,—and man's servitude and subjection as His property and possession on the other. This relation can never cease to exist, and it lies at the root of all other relations; and the recognition by the human creature, both theoretically and practically, of this relation, is the fundamental

idea of that Sacrifice which, along with Sacraments, constitutes Religion.

This relation of severance, founded in essential difference of nature, and of severance as complete as is the distinction of the finite from the Infinite, is the first but it is not the only relation of separation between God and His creature man.

God *must* be man's Maker and Master, but God *would be* also man's Father. The rational creature *must* ever remain the subject of the Divine Majesty his Creator and Lord, but his Sovereign *would have him* to become also His son.

When therefore God created man, He bestowed on him, and that as superadded to his nature as man, a gift in virtue of his possession of which man became a son of God. In his creation God constituted man in the state of habitual sanctifying grace.

This grace was man's fellow-creature. It was created,—for it is somewhat, an entity, a reality, and it is at the same time—not God. All things that are are either God or not God. Grace is not identified with God. It is not a Divine person, and it is not the Divine nature. It cannot be a *part* of that nature which is single and indivisible, and the possession of which constitutes a Divine Person. Being not God, it is God's creature; being not man, but bestowed on man, it is man's fellow-creature.

Grace is a reality; it is not an abstraction. It is not an idea, or a phrase, or a form of words. It is not a mere relation, for it is that which constitutes a relation. It is the ground in which a relation is rooted, the foundation on which it rests. Created grace is as real a thing as is the soul of man. The soul, impalpable and invisible, but simple and immortal, is in a manner more real than the visible and palpable body which it tenants. This body, from its compound nature, is, apart from any preternatural gift of immortality, destined to decay, decomposition, and death. The grace of God, as impalpable and invisible as is the soul of man, is not less real than is that soul which is destined to contain it. As the human soul was intended to tenant the human body, so was that soul itself intended, in the Divine design, to be, as it were, a living chalice to contain the grace of God.

This grace, while not less real than the soul to which it cleaves as a created quality, is a creature of a higher order than that soul which, even in the natural order, and as endowed with immortality, capacity of a knowledge of its Maker, and freedom of will, as gifts identified with its spiritual nature, was made to the image and likeness of God. The grace of God is therefore,

in a sense, a greater masterpiece of God than is the soul of man. It is more costly, more priceless, more divine.

This created quality, superadded by the Divine bounty to those natural and preternatural qualities with which the Creator had dowered His human creature, raised him above the level of his human nature, and of its faculties and powers. It made him, as far as it was possible for the creature to become while yet on its probation, *consortem Divinæ naturæ*—to borrow an expression of St. Peter's, which was also inspired by the Holy Ghost—“a partaker of the Divine Nature.” Thus, partaking, in created and so finite measure, of the Divine Nature, and living with an assimilation to the Divine Life, man became adoptively a son of God, and the woman whom God made to be man's helpmate became God's daughter, and this she continued to be while she remained His handmaid.

We have said that the supernatural state of habitual sanctifying grace is the highest possible to the creature *while yet on its probation*; for there is a still higher supernatural state—the state of *glory* in the Beatific Vision of the unveiled Divine Majesty. This is the highest possible state at which the creature can arrive, and in the Divine economy, the creature can arrive at it then only when its probation is ended. The Divine glory belongs to the *state of the goal*, as Divine grace belongs to the *state of the way*. The one is the correlative or counterpart of the other. The grace that now is is the root or seed, the earnest and pledge of the glory that shall be. Future glory supposes present grace; and without present grace there can be no future glory. Grace is now granted in order that glory may one day be bestowed. The gift of glory is included in the gift of grace, as the flower in its fair beauty and fragrance is contained within the seed from which it springs. As faith is to vision, and as hope is to fruition, so is grace to glory. Man's future glory may be described as his present grace in its full bloom.

The grace of God is God's free gift. Man cannot merit it, deserve or earn it. There is no proportion between the highest excellence or perfection of nature, or any natural power or faculty or exercise thereof, or the most essentially perfect created nature—and the very smallest grace. Nature and grace are in different orders, in distinct spheres. Grace may be superadded to nature, and nature may be deprived of grace, and may exist without it. God was not bound to bestow grace

on man by reason of any one of, or by reason of all the natural perfections wherewith He had enriched him. Grace was not due to man as such. To it he had no right, for, as the Apostle argues, "if grace were of debt then were grace no grace." Its very name declares its nature. It is given *gratis*. It is the free, spontaneous gift of the Divine Bounty. It is bestowed by God of His pure liberality. As regards the correlative of grace, the future glory, it is otherwise, and the opposite is true. Glory is of *debt*. Man has a right to it. God is bound, and that by an obligation of justice, to bestow it on all whom He finds in the state of sanctifying grace when their probation is ended. They have earned it, it is their promised wage; God is faithful and cannot break His promise; and God is just and cannot defraud them.

Heaven, then, is the heritage of the children of God. It is theirs by birthright. They have right and title to it. It belongs to them as they are sons and daughters of God. But while sons and daughters, God's human creatures cease not to be His servants and handmaids; and so while Heaven is an inheritance, it is also at the same time a reward. It has its two aspects, and they correspond with the two aspects of the present state of those who are destined to find in it their future and eternal home.

Man, therefore, having been in his creation constituted in the state of habitual sanctifying grace, and thus "made a partaker of the Divine Nature," and so become a son of God, was as such, an heir of Heaven. But man's participation of the Divine Nature, a participation in proportion to the mode and measure of his created nature, and consequently man's sonship to God, and consequently also his right to Heaven by title of inheritance, remained *conditional* throughout the entire term of his probation. His sonship was dependent on his possession of the grace of God. This was again dependent on the fidelity of his service, on the loyalty of his allegiance to his Maker and Master, his Creator and Lord. Perseverance in service to the end of the day of labour, was the condition of permanence in the state of sonship. It was the condition of reward, and so became also the condition of inheritance. Heaven was not to be earned without being at the same time inherited, and Heaven was not to be inherited without being earned. The children of a royal father, while partakers of his royal nature, are yet his subjects and his servants; and

those alone can be regarded and recognized by the Divine Majesty as His sons and daughters who manifest their loyalty as His subjects by their fidelity in His service. The Eternal Father must be able to say of His human creature when, his probation ended, he stands before His throne for judgment: "Well done, good and faithful servant"—in order that He may also say—"Thou art My beloved son in whom I am well pleased. Inherit the Kingdom prepared for thee. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

When God made man, man knew his twofold state and condition, the state of servitude in which he was created, and the state of sonship in which he was constituted. He knew his destiny, and the conditions of his destiny. Grace gave him power to fulfil those conditions, but grace in no way abated the freedom of his will. In his freedom man chose. He chose to disobey. God had given him a commandment as a means in order to his probation. This commandment was a manifestation to him of his Maker's will. By obedience to it he should subject his own will, and unite it with the Divine will. By disobedience, he should oppose his own will to and contradict the Divine will. This man did. Succumbing to the tempter he made in effect the words of the archrebel, *Non serviam, his own*. Allying himself with God's enemy, he ceased on the instant to be God's son. Grace was gone, and with it his hope of glory.

Rebelling against his Maker by disobedience to his Maker's commandment, man sinned against an essential law of his very being. By his own act he interrupted the second relation, and severed the second tie between him and his Maker. Stripped of Divine grace, his sonship forfeited, he was no longer an object of the paternal love of the Divine Majesty. He had become an object of His righteous indignation and of His just vengeance. By sin he had degraded and disinherited himself, and made himself an alien and an outcast from the family of God. There was a second gulf fixed between man and his Maker; and this man was powerless to bridge across.

Fallen man might offer sacrifices as before—that is to say, he might perform materially and externally the same religious rites,—but his sacrifice would be no longer accepted and well-pleasing. It would be offered in vain. It would be the sacrifice not of a son but of a rebellious bond-slave. Such a sacrifice, instead of atoning and availing, instead of honouring and

worshipping, of propitiating and satisfying the Most High, would be to Him an affront and a sacrilege. Instead of coming up before Him for an odour of sweetness, it would be in His sight as an abomination.

Such was man's condition of helplessness when by his sin he fell from grace and from out the family of God. In this state of helplessness man must have ever remained had there been no restoration to him of the grace of God. This was necessary if he was to recover his place in the family of God, his dignity as a child of God, his rights as an heir of God to the heritage of God's sons.

In His justice God remembered mercy. Of His mercy He resolved to re-bestow upon man the grace that he had lost, to redeem him from the degradation to which he had reduced himself, to restore him to that position from which he had fallen, and to those rights and that birthright which he had forfeited. "Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not, then said I,—Lo! I come." There was to come a Mediator, who should be the Minister of a New Testament, who should reconcile God and man, and who should give man power to become again a son of God.

This the Mediator was to do by His one Sacrifice of Himself once offered. By it He should propitiate the offended God, and satisfy for the injuries inflicted by His guilty creature, man. By it also He should merit grace for the justification and sanctification of mankind.

In the fulness of time God sent forth His Son to be made of a woman. The Word, who from the beginning, in His Eternity was with God and was God, was in time made flesh, and dwelled on earth among men. Consubstantial with His Eternal Father, He became consubstantial with His brethren of mankind. He, a Divine Person, possessed a Divine Nature, *the* Divine Nature, the same Divine Nature, that one Divine Nature which is common to the Three Divine Persons, and in virtue of their possession of which they are Divine—not three Gods but one God. He, the same pre-existing, eternally existing Divine Person assumed in time and now possesses and will possess for ever a second Nature—a Nature created, finite, human—in all respects and specifically the same as our own, and in virtue of our possession of which we are human beings.

A person may be described as *that which possesses*; and a nature may be described as *that which is personally possessed*, as

existing within the sphere of the individual whole, within the circle and unity of a personal being.

Before the Incarnation of the Word, the Three distinct Divine Persons each possessed *one nature only*,—the numerically one Divine Nature common to the Three. In and since the Incarnation, one Divine Person has possessed and possesses *two natures*, while two Divine Persons possess but one. The *second nature* assumed and possessed by the Son of God was not taken by, and does not personally belong to the Eternal Father or to the Holy Ghost. It is a nature of the Son, and since the Son is God, it is *a nature of God*. It is the *human nature of God* as really and truly as His Divine Nature is the Nature of God.

No two natures could be more distinct or essentially separate the one from the other than are those two—the Divine and the human—the Uncreated and the created—the Infinite and the finite. Both, nevertheless, now subsist in the unity of One Divine Person. Both exist side by side, each in its own reality and perfection and completeness, and with no commingling—no alloy of the Divine Nature by any commixture thereof with the human nature—no burning up of the human nature in the fires of the Divine Nature with which it is united—no second, no created, finite, human personality to interfere with or mar the perfection of their hypostatic union. The two natures meet together and are wedded by an indissoluble bond, through the subsistence of each in one and the same Divine Person. The point of contact, so to speak, of the two natures is a Divine Person. The human nature was not assumed by the Divine *nature*. A nature does not assume, but is assumed. It was assumed by a Divine *Person*, and that Person is the Divine Bond by which both natures are bound together in the unity of *Totus Christus*—one Whole Christ.

Here we have *mediation* in its highest form—a mediation which is unique and has no parallel. Here is mediation, *not by office* merely, but *by nature*. The chasm between the Creator and the created is bridged across. The Infinite and the finite are in union closer than can be conceived. The Divine and the human are personally one. Jesus Christ is God, and Jesus Christ is also and as really Man. He thinks, He wills, He speaks, He acts; and His thoughts, His resolves, His words, His actions are human indeed and truly human, but they are as truly the human thoughts and resolves and words and actions

of God. He lives, and His human life is a life of God; He dies, and His human death is the human death of God. Speechless, He wails in infancy; sorrowing, He weeps, relieving by real tears the fulness of a straitened heart; wayworn, He is weary, and from weariness He sleeps; fasting, He hungers, and He is parched with thirst; insulted, misjudged, and misunderstood, neglected and forsaken, opposed and baffled, He is hurt and disappointed; betrayed and denied by His own familiar friends, hunted like a fierce wild beast to its lair, fettered like a ferocious outlaw, scourged and spat upon, trampled under foot and scourged, treated as a fool and madman, accused, sentenced, and condemned as traitor to His country and blasphemer of His God, His Heart is heavy, He trembles with a human fear, and the sorrow of His soul is even unto death; sweating blood in the Garden, He sheds it to the last drop upon the Cross on which He hangs between thieves and in the shame of His nakedness, commanding His created Spirit to the God who gave It, he gives up the ghost: and from first to last, from His birth to His death, in infancy and youth and manhood, every thought and feeling, every word and silence, every cry and tear, every action and every suffering is at once that of man and of God, of the God-Man, of the one Mediator between God and man. And all He said and did and suffered was for one end—it was in order that He might bridge across the second gulf between man and his Maker, the chasm which man had cleft by means of sin.

To unite those who lay separated essentially by nature, and to unite them in the closest union possible between the Creator and the created, He became *what He was*—Mediator *by nature* in His Incarnation. To reconcile those who were further severed by reason of sin, He said *what He said*, and did *what He did*, and suffered *what He suffered*—as Mediator *by office* during the years of His mortal life, and in the death by which He propitiated and satisfied the offended and injured God, merited Divine grace, and redeemed mankind.

Jesus came “full of grace and truth.” He came *full of truth*, charged with a Divine message, in order that men might come, as God wills, to the knowledge of the truth, that they might possess that wisdom which should make them wise unto salvation, that they might be taught by God concerning God, and know God with that knowledge in which consists the life eternal.

He who came full of truth came also *full of grace*. In Him

was grace, and that not by measure, for in Him dwelleth all the fulness of Godhead corporeally. Grace was in Him not merely in order to the individual sanctification of His own created human soul; but it was in Him also as He was the central fountain, the source and well-spring of grace for the entire human family of God.

Now we arrive at the true and only point of view for rightly considering both that grace which God bestows upon us, and that sacramental system by means of which it is conveyed to us.

We may consider, in the first place, the institution of sacraments as means of grace, and ask ourselves—To whom does it belong to institute such means?

In one sense, God alone—His Divine Majesty the one Creator and Lord—can be the Institutor of sacraments which are efficacious to confer Divine grace. No one save the principal Author of grace Himself can by *principal authority* institute sensible signs—that is to say, signs which are objects of the human senses, so as to be visible, audible, tangible, or the like—by means of which and in virtue of which grace is conferred on all who receive them, and who, while receiving them, place no hindrance to its entrance. This would be true even if those signs, instead of being true causes, were, like the circumcision of the Old Law, only mere conditions with which the bestowal of grace was infallibly connected. By *principal authority* we mean such an authority as is not derived from any other and superior authority to which it is ministerially and instrumentally subject. It is, on the contrary, that independent authority from which is derived, and to which is subject as serving it, every other power and every other will which might concur to the institution of sacraments as means of grace.

The principal Author of the grace by which we are constituted the adoptive sons of God and heirs of the Kingdom in the Beatific Vision of God, is God alone, and can be no one save God. God alone is Prime Author and Principal Cause of Divine grace, not only as He is the First Cause of all things, and so of it; but also as a principal cause is opposed to an instrumental or ministerial cause.

In what sense, then, can Jesus Christ in His Sacred Humanity and as He is Redeemer of mankind be regarded as Institutor of the sacraments of the New Law?

Jesus Christ, as man's Redeemer, most fully satisfied man's

Maker for human sin, and merited for man Divine grace. He was not only an Ambassador of God, as was Moses in the Ancient Testament, but He was Himself and by means of His merits the Builder of the New Testament; and He was and is in this His Testament Supreme Priest, and that for ever. Hence He is in such wise Head of His Church that there is no grace and no supernatural gift which does not depend on Him and on His merits, and which does not flow from Him to His members. As the Church itself, so every power, every ministry, every institute, and every means of grace and salvation in the Church has its origin and continuance from Him as from its Head. Hence on Him, as He is Man, and as He is in His Sacred Manhood, the meritorious Cause of all and every grace, the Mediator and Builder of the New Testament and the Head of the Church, depend—the application of His merit, the distribution of His grace, and the institution of means for the application of that merit and the bestowal of that grace; and further—the perpetual dispensation of such means, and the power of their administration derived from Him to His ministers.

Hence it follows that in the present economy there can be no sacraments or means which are efficacious of grace, the value and virtue of which do not flow from the merits of Jesus Christ, since He is the meritorious Cause of all and every grace.

It follows further that there can be no sacraments which are not administered in the Name and by the authority of Jesus Christ; because on Him depends the application of His merit and the dispensation of the grace which He has merited.

It follows, thirdly, that there can be no sacraments the institution of which, as it is founded in the merits of Jesus Christ, was not also effected by Jesus Christ Himself; since He is the Mediator of the New Testament, the Builder and Head of the Church and its Supreme Priest.

Finally, it follows that there can be no sacraments to which the power of Jesus Christ to remit sins and bestow grace has been so bound that He could not or cannot exercise it independently of sacraments. This power, however, of ministering grace apart from sacraments is personal and peculiar to Him. Power to minister grace has not been entrusted to His ministers in the Church save as it is bound up with His sacraments, and inasmuch as they are ministers of these in His name. This is clear and manifest, and for this reason, that in Jesus Christ the idea of *universal* meritorious cause and universal power for the remission of sins

and bestowal of grace is the foundation and principle from which followed His, as it were, *particular* power to institute sacraments, and therefore His previous universal power could not and cannot, by reason of such particular power, be restricted and bound to such sacraments.

If we consider the Man Jesus Christ under one precise aspect, namely, as *meriting* grace, the means of grace, the institution and value and virtue of His sacraments, He is clearly and certainly *supreme* cause as He is a *meritorious* cause. But if we consider His Sacred Humanity in comparison with His Divinity, and consider His meritorious work, and His application of His merit, and His institution of His sacraments, as these are *functions of His Human Nature*—His Human Nature being itself an *instrument of God*, hypostatically united indeed in a Divine Person, but having all the power and efficacy in order to such functions *derived to It* from that Divine Person—the Man Jesus Christ, in comparison with God, as the *principal cause* of grace and the means of salvation and salvation itself, and so as the institutor of the sacraments by power of authority,—is a *ministerial cause* even in the institution of His sacraments.

In comparison, however, with the ministers to whom power is derived from Him to administer in His Name and authority the sacraments sanctified by His merits and instituted by Him, Jesus Christ is, even as He is man, a *principal* cause, and has power of *authority* corresponding to the fourfold excellence which we have just considered.

In order, therefore, to clearness of conception and accuracy of expression when considering and speaking of the power of His Divinity and the power of His Sacred Humanity as regards the institution and application of the sacraments, and, as distinguished from both powers, the ministry of the dispensation of the sacraments in mere men, it is convenient to distinguish and express the Divine Power as the power of *authority*—the power in His Sacred Humanity as the power of *excellence*—and the power of dispensation communicated by Him to His ministers as *ministerial* power.

This ministerial power we have now more fully to consider. The ministers of the sacraments perform a sacramental action by power received from Jesus Christ, in His Name and in His Person, or by His authority and as personating Him. When this sacramental action is an instrumental cause of certain

effects, he who performs it is undoubtedly a cause of those effects, but he is a ministerial and not a principal cause. This is because the sacrament has its virtue and efficacy, not from the minister, but from God and from Jesus Christ who instituted it; and because the minister acts by the power and in the Name of Christ, it follows that since that which demands the effect does not exist in the minister but solely in his sacramental action as performed by him as he is the agent of Christ, there is no other inflow of the minister towards producing the effect of the sacrament, save his mere performance of that action or sacred sign which is efficacious of grace from the institution of Jesus Christ.

The virtue and efficacy of the sacraments, and the ministerial power to administer them, are therefore entirely independent of the faith and merit or holiness of their ministers. Evil men, administering them, says Nicholas the First in his Answer to the Bulgarians, do damage only to themselves, as a lighted candle consumes itself, but ministers light to others who were in darkness. St. Augustine also declares that the baptism given by Paul or by Peter was not the baptism of Paul or Peter but the baptism of Christ, and if it was given by Judas it was the baptism of Christ. Judas, he continues, gave baptism, and after it there was no re-baptism. John (the Baptist) gave baptism and the person was again baptized; for the baptism given by Judas was the baptism of Christ, while the baptism of John was the baptism of John. Whom Judas baptized Christ baptized, and so, concludes the Saint,—I fear not an adulterer, or a drunkard, or a murderer, because I look to the Dove, through whom it is said to me: This is He that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost.

It is required, however, in order to the existence of a sacrament not only that the words and actions should be those which Christ determined, but also that the action should be performed *ministerially*. Hence two things are required, namely: first, that the action should be performed by one who has a power of ministry in place of Christ; and, secondly, that in the action he should really exercise this power. One furnished with such a power need not always necessarily act as a minister in place of Christ, as often as he unites the words and actions determined by Christ as sacramental signs. Sacraments are ordained not only to signify but also to effect that which they signify, and this they do by means of a human

action, which is sacramental and efficacious only as it is performed by the minister as by the legate of Christ and God, by the authority and in the Name of Christ and God, and as being, morally, the action of Jesus Christ the Supreme Priest. Hence the minister of the sacraments must in order to their existence, *exercise* his ministerial power and *act as* minister, that is, not in his own name, but in the name of the principal Author. In other words and briefly, *intention* to effect a sacrament is necessary in the minister of a sacrament.

This is necessary from the very nature of sacraments as they exist in the Divine economy, and, as a consequence, from the very idea of ministerial power; for the whole of an action such as that which is performed in a sacrament might be materially the same without that action being sacramental. The minister might not will to act as minister, or his act might not be a human act, as not done by free deliberate will; or he might not will to be the minister of an act which in his own view, or in that of others, is religious, but might will to perform the action merely materially by way of joke or in order to simulate a sacrament. His action would not in such case be morally the action of Christ or a sacrament, since the action is not instituted as a sacrament absolutely, and as often as it is performed in any way whatsoever, but only as it is performed *ministerially*. Without doubt, therefore, it is required that the minister should will to act as minister; and this will is what is called his *intention*. There is, says St. Thomas, required the intention of the minister by which he subjects himself to the principal Agent, so that he intends to do what Christ and His Church does.

While intention is required on the part of the minister, a general or even confused intention to do what the Church does, suffices. There is not required an explicit will or intention to minister in place of Christ, for this is contained implicitly in the will to act as a minister of the Church. There is not even necessary the special will to act as a minister of the true Church of God, or to confer a rite which should be efficacious of sanctity or spiritual good, for the Church herself, while teaching the necessity of intention, at the same time declares that sufficient intention may be had even by an infidel, who believes neither in Church nor in sacrament, nor in any effect of a sacrament. Even a pagan and a heretic, says Eugenius the Fourth, in his Instruction for the Armenians, can validly baptize, so long as

he observes the form of the Church, and intends to do what the Church does. If, for instance, a person baptizing should not believe either in Christ, or in the sanctity or efficacy of the sacrament, or in the truth of the Church and of the Christian religion, nevertheless if he knows that that rite is believed in and performed by *Christians as sacred*, he can have, and, if he baptizes at the request of a Christian, he ordinarily will have the intention of performing a rite which is, not in his own, but in the view of Christians, *sacred*. This intention supposed, he then acts not in his own name, but as minister of the Church, and so, implicitly, as minister of Christ the principal Agent. So much is it the case that ordinarily he will have this sufficient intention that Nicholas the First, in his Answer to the Bulgarians, says that unless an unbelieving Jew should externally manifest a contrary intention in baptizing, this intention may be supposed; and, generally, in cases of doubt with regard to the validity of sacraments, the question is not as to the hidden intention, but as to the manifest observance of the required matter and form.

The Botany of Albertus Magnus.

"Ruhige Pflanzenwelt, in deiner kunstreichen Stille vernehme ich das
Wandeln der Gottheit" (*Schiller*).

FOR nearly fifteen hundred years after the Christian era the study of Botany was almost entirely at a stand-still, and during the whole of the Middle Ages only one treatise of any importance about plants was written : it is the treatise of Albertus Magnus, entitled, *De Vegetabilibus et Plantis*. In this work alone do we obtain an accurate knowledge of the state of Botany in those remote times. Thus it possesses for us great historical value. It is true that not many of the facts we find mentioned there have stood the test of modern investigation, but this does not in any way diminish the historical importance of Albert's treatise. The early attempts of a Cæsalpinus,¹ the system of a Tournefort,² the luminous views of a John Ray, have only for us now an historical interest. Yet who will deny those great men a place among the forefathers of modern Botany?

Our object in this paper is not to examine in detail all the facts contained in the treatise, *De Vegetabilibus et Plantis*—this would require a volume—but simply to pass in review the principal doctrines of Albertus Magnus concerning the physiology of plants. By comparing them with the theories now commonly entertained, we shall arrive at some knowledge of the views of the thirteenth century on Botany, and of the advance we have since made.

Before the time of Albertus Magnus Botany as a science did not exist, for nothing could be less scientific than the short disconnected treatises which had appeared in former ages. Aristotle has been regarded by many as the founder of Botany, but the great philosopher has really founded so many branches of learning that it seems quite unnecessary for his fame to

¹ Andrea Cæsalpinus, born at Arezzo in Tuscany, in 1519, died at Rome in 1603. He was physician to Pope Clement the Eighth.

² Born at Aix in Provence (1656—1708).

make him the parent of sciences born long after his time. As is well known, the treatise *De Plantis* ascribed to him is apocryphal. Albert had no reason to question its genuineness, and so made it the groundwork of his own botanical treatise. To Pliny he only refers *en passant*, and of Theophrastes and Dioscorides³ he probably knew very little. The principles of agriculture which he gives in the seventh book of his treatise are founded upon, if not largely borrowed from, Palladius. These, with a few facts brought to light by Jewish and Arabic doctors, were the scanty sources of tradition which the great Dominican had at his disposal; by adding to them his own observations he has been able to produce a work of one hundred and sixty-five folio pages in eight books, written with an order and method unknown to all preceding writers on the same subject.⁴

Of his method and of the distribution of his matter, we must also say a few words, for both do much honour to the intellectual superiority of this great man. In the first place, Albert distinguished clearly between the properties which are common to all plants, and have reference to their essential conditions of existence, and those facts which are special to each individual plant, or at least to groups of plants, and thus not being easily systematized, have to be described separately in each case. In other words, he positively instituted the division which we still follow, namely, that into Physiology (including Histology, Organography based on Morphology, Embryology, and all that relates to the life of plants), and Descriptive Botany (including Taxonomy, Geographical Distribution, &c.).

He calls the former part the philosophy of plants, because like philosophy it leaves out particulars and rises to the exclusive consideration of generalities. The other part he begins with his sixth book, and it is by far the shortest and least valuable of the two. Indeed, he almost apologizes to his readers for thus descending from the region of generalities to that of mere facts. Many years had yet to pass before men realized the truth that all their theories about plants, if they are to have any value, must be founded upon those particular facts,

³ He wrote in Greek. This distinguished physician and botanist was born at Anazarba in Cilicia. He probably flourished in the reign of the Emperor Nero.

⁴ Alberti Magni, *De Vegetabilibus et Plantis*, lib. vii. opp. ed. Jammy t. v. Lugduni, 1651.

and therefore can never supersede in importance an accurate observation of them. However, the division instituted by our author was a very valuable one, and in no earlier treatise on Botany do we find it so clearly and so formally indicated. The method by which he proposes to direct his researches is no less remarkable. There is a decidedly modern ring about the following phrase: "Some of the things of which we shall treat we have ourselves subjected to experiment; for other things we shall rely on the sayings of those whom we have found to be not too easy in their assertions, but to speak only of that about which they have experimented. For experimentation alone is a safe guide in such matters: *Experimentum enim solum certificat in talibus.*"

Nothing better could be said, and the great Aristotelian was proving himself a worthy disciple of his master when he took such a view of the study of Nature. After this declaration, however, we must not be surprised, if we find that, like the Stagyrite, our author in the course of his work has not always kept strictly to his principle. No man, ever so well gifted intellectually, can be expected to liberate himself altogether from the prejudices of the people with whom he lives, and he will always reproduce in his writings some of the errors of his generation. Besides, observation such as is required in natural science was practically impossible before the invention of the microscope. That which in Botany is observable with the naked eye is utterly insufficient for arriving at any definite knowledge of the living operations of plants. For instance, the cellular structure of vegetable tissues is a fact which must of necessity modify to a vast extent any notions of plant-life formed previously to the knowledge of such structure. Yet this fact, so universally recognized now, and so easy of demonstration, could not by any chance have been observed before the invention of the microscope. It is owing to this material incapacity that Aristotle, Albertus Magnus, and so many after them, were led to deny the existence of distinct sexes in plants. But the human mind seems unable to keep down its own activity, and so they proved by metaphysical arguments that plants could not have any sexes at all. Yet who will laugh at these great men for being so deceived? Who knows what foolish theories our scientific men of the present day may not be constructing, when they endeavour to speculate beyond the range of what they can actually observe?

And now we may proceed to examine the leading doctrines of Albertus Magnus, as we find them presented to us in the first six books of the treatise *De Vegetabilibus et Plantis*.

His first conclusion is that plants are living things, not things inanimate like stones or metals. In this he certainly agrees with the unanimous testimony of modern biology. Indeed, this truth is far more evident to us now than it could be in those ancient times, when the same accurate means of observation did not exist. Some of the arguments brought forward by Albert are, of course, very weak. Others, on the contrary, are truly solid, and do not materially differ from those with which we are still satisfied at the present day. For instance, starting from the general proposition that life must be predicated of all beings that are to themselves the immanent principle of their actions, he concludes that plants which we see drawing into their own tissues the juices of the soil, and growing in consequence, must be living beings.⁵

St. Augustine⁶ had said before him : "Moventur et arbusta . . . illo motu quo intrinsecus agitur quidquid ad incrementum speciemque arboris pertinet, quo ducitur succus in radicem, vertitur in ea quibus constat herbæ natura, vel ligni : Nihil enim horum sine interno motu."

Now modern Botanists of high authority come to the same conclusion by the more demonstrative way of direct experimental proof. In the remarkable manner in which the roots of plants are able to absorb suitable food out of the soil these Botanists recognize a phenomenon not sufficiently accounted for by the merely physical law of endosmosis, as we know it, but one which supposes some other action, called vital, inherent in the plant itself.

It is well known that water, and those substances which are soluble in it, can pass, in virtue of what Dutrochet has called endosmosis, through the very thin walls of the young cells of the roots, whether these cells appear in the form of root-hairs, or constitute simply a portion of the epidermic layer.

Endosmosis itself is founded on the special action which two fluids of different density exert on each other. Now all young cells, besides presenting very thin walls, are filled with a dense nitrogenous liquid. They possess, therefore, very good physical qualities for performing their task of absorption. Yet they do not act altogether physically, like ordinary membranes

⁵ Lib. i. tr. i. c. 9.

⁶ Gen. ad. litt. lib. viii. c. 16.

interposed between two liquids of unequal density. An unknown factor here appears, by which the physical phenomenon is modified. Professor J. Sachs, the distinguished German Botanist, says on this point: "This simple fact that the phenomena of diffusion (endosmosis) in a cell are suddenly affected in a striking manner as soon as, by some cause, the cell is killed without being otherwise damaged, shows clearly enough that the molecular forces peculiar to life are dependent upon an inner and unknown state of the cellular organs, which we shall never be able artificially to imitate."

Our author is therefore in perfect harmony so far with the most modern views. From this it will also be remarked that he repudiated the notion that life merely consists in some special mode of operation of the ordinary physico-chemical forces. He distinctly attributes to plants a substantial principle, the formal cause of all distinctly vital operations observable in them.

In this, however, the great Doctor cannot be said to have the universal consent of modern men of science. Even within the rank of Catholic philosophers, here and there a dissentient voice has been heard. Yet many illustrious Naturalists of our times admit the necessity of such a vital principle in plants quite as emphatically as Albert did. He is not then a whit behind us in this question. We have heard just now the testimony of Professor Sachs on the properties of living cells. Physiological Botany is full of facts of the same nature, which show physical laws operating in living organisms, yet, as it were, not altogether freely. We have a good example of this in the common fact of transpiration. The transpiration which takes place in the organs of plants, chiefly in the parenchyma of the leaves, by means of which a certain quantity of water is restored to the atmosphere, is not mere physical evaporation. This is shown by the fact that the living cells of which leaves are composed are the seat of a much less active transpiration whilst they are alive, than when they have been killed, and so reduced to the state of mere organic matter. Unger has found that the transpiration going on in leaves with a given surface was three times, and sometimes five times, less in amount than the physical evaporation out of an equal surface of water.

After considering the general phenomena of life in plants, Albert, following Aristotle, inquires whether there be anything like true sensation and true sleep in them.

The question is an old one. Some ancient Greek philosophers attributed to plants not only sensation but also intelligence. Others were content to concede to them some form of sensation. Albert refutes the opinions of those philosophers and decides with Aristotle against plants having sensation in any degree whatever.

An opposite view has been taken in more recent times by many physiologists, and this may at first sight appear very unreasonable. Yet it must be admitted that, whilst no positive proof of sensation in plants has been obtained, nevertheless their physiology presents many facts which easily account for the opinion of so many distinguished naturalists. They were thus led to admit in the cellular units which either alone, or in definite clusters, constitute all plants, some obscure form of sense-apprehension, analogous to, if not identical with, the very low sensitive faculty which is recognized in those infusoria of the simplest kind, which it is often so difficult to distinguish from plants. The common arguments on both sides are equally besides the mark. Every one knows the absurd proof of Robinet and others, drawn from the way in which plants turn towards the light, from the irritability exhibited by many leguminous plants, and by the strange actions of such plants as the Sundew or the Venus' fly-trap. Although we are not able in every case to give a complete explanation of these facts, yet modern Botanists do not generally see there any evidence of real sensation.

But some of the arguments on the opposite side are not much more to the point. For instance, Albertus Magnus gives the following : "Nature never fails to supply that which is necessary to a creature. But nature would have failed in this, if, having given the faculty of feeling to plants, it had denied them organs of sense. As therefore plants have neither ears nor eyes nor any other organs of sensation, they cannot be capable of sensation itself."⁷

The microscope has considerably weakened the force of this argument ; we know now that plants are not units in the same sense as an animal possessed of a nervous system is a unit. "The plant," says Asa Gray, "is a composite being or community, lasting, in the case of a tree, through an indefinite, and often immense, number of generations. . . . Plants of single cells, an unicellular alga for instance, and of a definite form, alone exhibit

⁷ Lib. i. c. 3.

complete individuality."⁸ The fact of the composite being having no organs of sense proves therefore nothing. It is in the individual cell that the absence of all form of sensation has to be shown. The old argument against sensation drawn from the absence of all true motion in plants is not more availing.

Inherent power of movement is a quality which we so commonly consider an essential indication of animal nature that it is difficult at first to conceive it existing in any other. The capability of simple motion is now, however, known to exist in so many vegetable forms that it can no longer be held as an essential distinction between them and animals, and ceases to be a mark by which the one can be distinguished from the other. Thus the zoospores of many of the cryptogamia exhibit ciliary or amæboid movements of a like kind to those seen in animalcules. Inherent power of movement, then, although especially characteristic of animal nature, is, when taken by itself, no proof of it.⁹

Thus we see that speculations on either side have failed to bring us any nearer to a positive solution of this interesting but difficult question. We can only say that modern science agrees entirely with Albert in denying to plants the faculty of feeling such as we see it in the higher animals. That he, as well as the ancient philosophers against whom he argues, meant by sensation the sensation observed in those animals, and not in the lowest animal forms which stand on the confines of vegetable life, is evident, since they were totally ignorant of their existence.

The question of the sleep of plants is intimately connected with that of sensation. Albertus Magnus denies the reality of any sleep in plants, not evidently from any observed facts, but simply as a logical consequence. For, as he says, sleep is opposed to the waking state, and is a condition involving a general resolution of the body and cessation of sensibility. Therefore, plants which possess no sensibility can enjoy no true sleep. This notion of plants sleeping does not appear, as far as we know, to have been originated among ancient philosophers by

⁸ *Structural Botany*, etc. By Asa Gray, LL.D. Macmillan and Co., 1880.

⁹ In presence of these and similar facts, Professor Wyville Thompson (Introd. Lect. Edin. Univ. May, 1871,) has said : "There are certain phenomena, even among higher plants, which it is very difficult to explain without admitting some low form of a general harmonizing and regulating function, comparable to such an obscure manifestation of reflex nervous action as we have in sponges, and in other animals, in which a distinct nervous system is absent."

any actual observation. They simply reasoned logically, and, as some one has said with more wit than reverence, when a philosopher presumes to draw a logical conclusion from what he calls a principle, he always runs a fair chance of being wrong twice, instead of once only. They gave plants sensation; plants, therefore, must be liable to fatigue; therefore they must sleep. Now these *a priori* notions had been fairly lost sight of by naturalists, when the immortal Linnaeus, while watching once a plant of the *Lotus ornithropoides* at Upsala, observed for the first time the phenomenon now known in Botany as the sleep of plants. Struck by the attitude assumed by the leaves of that species of lotus during the night, he soon discovered that many other plants behaved in a similar way. He resumed his observations in his celebrated thesis entitled, *Somnus Plantarum*.

The question has received much attention within the last few years, and modern Botanists, like Albertus Magnus, see in this phenomenon no evidence of anything like true sleep. They explain it chiefly by the operation of light and heat, and by the peculiar structure of certain parts. However, we have not yet, I think, heard the last word on this interesting subject.

We pass on to the important question of the sexes of plants. Here Albert came, we may well say, without any fault of his own, to a wrong conclusion. Induction even could not have led him to a better view of the case, for, ignorant as he necessarily was of the profound affinities which connect the vegetable with the animal kingdom, he was unable to anticipate by a flash of his genius what his means of observation did not place within his reach. The history of the question shows this plainly. The Greeks and Romans had had only obscure notions on the possibility of sexuality in plants. They knew, indeed, of what Herodotus reports about the Babylonians, who distinguished male and female date-palms, just as the Arabs do now. But they seem to have been quite clear only about the fact that the production of fruits was a consequence of the flowering of the plant.

Virgil, in his *Georgics*, testifies to this notion when he says:

Quotque in flore novo pomis se fertilis arbor
Induerat, totidem autumno matura tenebat.

The Renaissance added nothing or next to nothing to this, and we must come to the second half of the seventeenth century

to see a first gleam of light on this capital question. In 1685, an Englishman, who shares with the Italian Malpighi the glory of having founded the science of Vegetable Anatomy, Nehemiah Grew, a physician, established by his observations the existence of distinct sexes in plants.

Linnæus by his famous sexual classification of plants attracted the attention of men of science to this great fact; but to see the last stage in the process of this discovery we must wait till 1839, when T. B. Amici, the celebrated *savant* of Modena, was able to announce that he had actually followed the whole process of fecundation through the ovary down to the very micropyle of the ovule. What happens in the ovule itself has formed the matter of subsequent researches. From this rapid historical sketch, it appears that the gradual unfolding of the mystery of fecundation in plants was precisely regulated by the gradual improvement of our microscopes. Yet we find that an enlightened Botanist like Tournefort, even after the discoveries of Grew and Camerarius, could still entertain very retrograde views on this subject, and it is only in our own times that perfect unanimity has prevailed at last. It is therefore no wonder if the thirteenth century was mistaken in this respect. In the whole of Albert's treatise we have found one solitary allusion to stamens.¹⁰ Speaking of the flower of the vine, he says: "It must not be left unnoticed that almost every flower has a collection of granules fixed inside the flower by small filaments." The essential part played by these granules, as he calls them, in the life of plants was not even suspected for several centuries, yet this first notice of them has seemed to us worth recording.

This examination of the botanical philosophy of Albert would be very incomplete, were we to end here without touching, at least briefly, upon his views concerning the way in which plants have originated on the face of the earth. Nothing is more remarkable than his bold treatment of the question, and also, we may say, in spite of many mistakes, nothing perhaps shows so well the scientific bent of his inquiring mind. We shall give the chief passages of his treatise on this matter, even at the risk of tiring the reader by so many quotations; but it is, of course, very important that his teaching should be here faithfully and literally reproduced.

The views of Albert on the origin of vegetable species have particular reference, in the first place to their imme-

¹⁰ Lib. ii. tr. i. c. 5.

diate production out of the earth; and in the second to the power of transformation present in them. His position, in a few words, is this: God has placed in matter a potentiality which, when acted upon by the special virtue of the stars in the heavens, is able to produce plants, at least what he calls perfect plants, meaning evidently phanerogamous plants; for he speaks of cryptogams, particularly of mushrooms, very much as if they were only some kind of transformed decayed vegetable matter. He takes plants to stand very close upon the confines of matter; their characteristics are not permanent, but partake of the changeableness of matter itself, so that one species easily passes into another. Indeed, as will soon appear from the passages about to be quoted, he lays down this aptitude for modifications as one explanation of the origin of vegetable species. But, as he makes frequent allusions in his treatise, in connection with our subject, to a heavenly virtue—*virtus celestis*, —it may be well first to understand exactly what he means by it.

In common with his contemporaries, our philosopher supposed that the sun, moon, and stars exerted a decided influence over the life of plants, and all kinds of distinct effects were attributed to the modes according to which their rays of light crossed each other, and to the angles under which these rays fell upon the plants. The light came down upon the spot where the matter destined for the generation of a plant was already prepared. This matter received from, or through, the light a hidden virtue which not only caused it to bring forth the organized plant, but also determined its specific character. As we may well expect, Aristotle was quoted in support of these views. Albert adduces a passage of the Stagyrite, saying that the motions of the heavens are as a sort of life to all existing beings.¹¹

The chief interest of such ideas to us lies in the evidence they afford of the large part which the best of the Scholastics were disposed to grant to the operations of second causes in Nature.

¹¹ "Cœlestes autem sunt operationes plantarum a formis suis specificatis quæ dantur eis per motum cœlestem et maxime motum planetarum in orbe declini: haec enim variantur valde secundum intersecationes et angulos signorum et stellarum in ipsis positarum et planetarum quæ moventur in ipsis . . . Adhuc autem non solum est haec diversitas in signis sed in quolibet gradu signorum, et accipit magnam variationem ex situ et comparatione plantarum et stellarum ex ipsis. Et omnis ista virtus descendit per lumen pyramidale in locum generationis et materiam generandi, et confert ei virtutem formativam speciei. Et ideo dixit Aristoteles quod motus cœli est tanquam vita quædam omnibus existentibus . . ." (Lib. vi. tr. 2, c. 22).

This point, then, being settled, we proceed to give the substance of some of the chief passages in Albert's work, relating to the origin of plants. The matter of which one plant is composed, says our author, differs little from that which exists in any other plant, so that with a slight modification the matter of one plant may become the matter of another. Hence some philosophers of the school of Plato have said that God, after creating the earth, placed in it the "seminal cause" of all plants, but not of animals; they meant to say that the matter out of which plants are produced is some modification of the earth acted upon by the celestial force, and that this is insufficient for the production of animals.

Herbs and all species of plants are only formed by the composition or mixture of (chemical) elements, not by the operation of some simple element (or force).¹²

In the fourth book (p. 407) we find a passage where the argument for spontaneous generation is conducted very much as an adversary of our modern Panspermists would conduct it. They maintain that living organisms appear where no germs or seeds could possibly have been present. Albert says the same:

One might doubt whether the decomposition (of organic substances) be not the productive cause of very low vegetable forms only (such as algæ, fungi, &c.). But it does not seem to be so, for we see that in many places where no seeds of plants are to be found, in the course of time various species of higher plants are seen growing, and these herbs, shrubs, and trees, do not seem to have any other productive cause besides putrified organic matter and the active virtue of stars.¹³

¹² "Plantarum materia non multum distat a materia alterius, et ideo facta parva mutatione circa eam efficitur et proxima potentia ad aliam, et statim illa pullulat ex ipsa. Hinc est quod quidam theologizantes Platonici dixerunt quod Deus, creata terra, indidit ei sementinam causam omnium plantarum, sed non indidit ei semina animalium, volentes dicere quod materia qua est potentia ex qua pullulat planta est terre aliqua temperantia cum celesti effectu, et quod non sufficit hoc in animalium productione" (p. 370, op. cit.).

"Eodem autem modo herbae et omnes plantarum species non fiunt nisi per compositionem et commixtionem elementorum, et non per naturam alicujus simplicis elementi. Sicut neque salsedo et substantia arenarum de quibus diximus, fiunt per naturam simplicis elementi, sed per naturam mixtionis et compositionis plurimorum elementorum. Vapores enim ascendendo de profundo terræ ad superficiem ejus, cum fuerint ibidem coagulati sive coadunati, habent in se posse seminale et formativum quod comprehendunt species hujusmodi herbarum et plantarum. Aër enim descendens immixtus rorificat illum ad quem subitus contingunt vapores in superficie terræ adunati et retenti et in seipso revoluti, et tunc per virtutem stellarum, sicut in antehabituis sepius diximus, convenient ex vapore formativa virtus figuræ seminum aliquarum plantarum" (p. 401).

¹³ "Fortasse dubitaret aliquis . . . utrum forte putredo non sit principium nisi imperfectorum plantarum. Hoc autem non videtur, quoniam nos videmus quod in multis

We now come to those passages where the passing of species into one another, and the elevation of lower species into higher ones by organic transformation, are explained and distinctly taught. Such views, at this time, cannot fail to present more than a mere historical interest. He says, for instance, in substance, that the changes which occur in plants are among the most wonderful in nature; that five ways have been found by which plants are thus transmuted into one another; and that one of these ways is the change which takes place within the seed itself. . . . Some have indeed maintained, he continues, that species cannot be altered or modified; and this we know to be true, that no change takes place directly from one actual species into another actual species, but that a change may take place from a potential condition to an actual specific mode of being, that in the earth matter gives up the actuality of form which it possessed, and acquires a potentiality to some other actual form, and that thus a change from one species of plant into another may be effected.¹⁴

On the same subject, he had said in his second book:

When plants undergo specific changes, this may be done in two ways. Sometimes, by the mere progress of time, one plant rises to the specific characters (*natura*) of a higher plant . . . or sometimes, owing to a special supply of food, the same plant will assume the characters of another species with which it has affinities (p. 370).¹⁵

The variations of plants under domesticity had not escaped his attention. He remarks (p. 424) that besides the changes above mentioned, is also to be noticed the modification by which a wild plant becomes improved by man's cultivation; that

locis nudis a semine plantarum per successum temporis nascuntur plantæ perfectæ secundum omnem plantæ speciem, eo quod sic crescent herba, olera, frutices et arbores: et non videntur nasci nisi ex putredine et virtute stellarum."

¹⁴ "De transmutatione plantarum satis miranda opera naturæ inveniuntur. Quinque enim modi experti sunt quibus plantæ transmutantur ad invicem, quorum unus est ex seminum ipsorum transmutatione . . . Sicut seminata siligo nobilitatur et in secundo vel tertio anno mutatur in triticum, et a converso contingit quod triticum in quibusdam terris seminatum degenerat et fit in secundo vel tertio siligo. Modus autem hujus est paulatinus . . . Et hoc modo fit mutatio aliarum plantarum et herbarum omnium. . . . Quod autem quidam dicunt non posse species ad se invicem permutari, hoc quidem verum esse scimus quod non est transmutatio de *actu* ad *actum* sed de *potentia* ad *actum*. In terra enim destituitur materia ab actu uno et fit potentia ad alterum, et sic fit transmutatio plantæ ad plantam."

¹⁵ "Cum plantæ ad invicem transmutantur, duas habent mutationes: aliquando autem processu solo temporis ascendit ad naturam plantæ superioris . . . aliquando autem propter nutrimenti complexionem transit in aliam sibi affinem secundum speciem."

culture will develop the natural qualities of a plant ; neglect of culture will cause the same plant to return to its former wild condition.¹⁶

We might easily multiply these quotations, but we have enough here to see the view taken by Albert of the origin of plants. For him they are the direct product of earthly substances properly disposed and acted upon by sidereal influences of a physical nature. Thus out of matter and sidereal influence was produced a seed having life and endowed with the power of perpetuating its life. But all species of plants were not so produced. In the seeds Albert admitted a natural tendency towards various degrees of modification. Any external or internal influences affecting the plant would, as it were, be reflected in the seed, and this seed once placed in the earth, *destruitur*, as he has told us, *ab actu uno et fit potentia ad alterum et sic fit transmutatio plantæ ad plantam*. Thus would new species and even new genera with innumerable varieties, both wild and domestic, be produced in course of time. We need not remark that these views on evolution represent a stage of infancy in vegetable biology. Many facts are wrongly interpreted ; many examples given by Albert to support his theory are no examples at all. But while we fully concede this, yet it remains true that he has roughly, but rightly, apprehended the elements of the great problem of the origin of vegetable species, and that his teaching tends strongly towards what many naturalists of our own times would call a probable conclusion.

However, without denying the great originality of Albert's views, we must acknowledge that St. Augustine, many centuries before Albert, had proposed views on the creation of plants by which our German philosopher seems to have been inspired. It will be interesting to quote here a remarkable passage out of the *Summa* of St. Thomas, in which Albert's illustrious pupil, while he presents to us the teaching of Augustine, seems to re-echo the lessons of his great master. The passage runs thus :

With regard to the production of plants, Augustine thinks differently from others. For other expounders say that plants were produced actually according to their species on this third day (of creation) according to the mere superficial meaning of the words. But Augustine

¹⁶ "Est autem præter dictas mutationes illa qua de sylvestri fit domestica et de domestica sylvestris ; cuius modum et causam oportet cognoscere. Est enim de expertis quod omnis planta domestica subtracto cultu sylvescit et omnis sylvestris domesticatur quando cultus adhibetur."

affirms (5 *Super Gen. ad litt.*), that it is said that the earth then causally (*causaliter*) produced every herb and tree, that is, that the earth received the power of producing; and this moreover he confirms by the authority of Scripture. For it is said (Gen. ii.): "These are the generations of the heaven and the earth when they were created in the day that the Lord God made the heaven and the earth, and every plant of the field before it sprung up in the earth, and every herb of the ground before it grew." Therefore before they sprung up actually upon the earth they were already made causally in the earth. But this also is confirmed by reason, because, while in those first days God made every creature in its origin and cause (*originaliter vel causaliter*), He afterwards rested from that work, although in directing all the things He made He continued to work afterwards even until now by means of propagation. But to produce plants from the earth belongs to the work of propagation. Plants therefore were not produced on the third day actually, but only causally.¹⁷

We need not point out the logical connection of this teaching with the doctrine of Albert. For, if he understood the sacred text in Genesis as St. Augustine did, it follows that for him the various species of plants appeared on the face of the earth, not by one single act of creation in the beginning (*non actu sed causaliter tantum*), not by successive creations (*a quo opere postmodum requievit*), but by a natural development of the virtue which the earth on the third day had confided to her; therefore, as St. Thomas says, *per opus propagationis*. All solutions of the problem before us are ultimately reducible to one of these three hypotheses.

Of course, the fact that such views, entertained of old by men of high authority, appear to coincide in their general outline with views more recently propounded, cannot be taken as a final settlement of the question. Neither have we given Albert's view in detail as affording any support to the unphi-

¹⁷ "Circum productionem plantarum, aliter opinatur Augustinus ab aliis. Alii enim Expositores dicunt quod plantae productae sunt actu in suis speciebus hac tertia die (creationis) secundum quod superficies litterae sonat. Augustinus autem (5 *Super Gen. ad litt.*) dicit quod causaliter tunc dictum est produxisse terram herbam et lignum, id est producendi accepisse virtutem, et hoc quidem confirmat auctoritate Scripturæ. Dicitur enim (Genes. 2): 'Iste sunt generations coeli et terræ, quando creata sunt in die quo Deus fecit celum et terram et omne virgultum agri, antequam oriretur in terram, omnemque herbam regionis priusquam germinaret.' Ante ergo quam orirentur super terram facte sunt causaliter in terra. Confirmatur autem hoc etiam ratione: quia in illis primis diebus condidit Deus creaturam originaliter vel causaliter; a quo opere postmodum requievit, qui tamen postmodum secundum administrationem rerum conditarum per opus propagationis usque modo operatur. Producere autem plantas ex terra ad opus propagationis pertinet. Non ergo in tertia die productæ sunt plantæ in actu sed causaliter tantum" (*Sum. Theol.* i. 69, 2. o).

losophical theories of some of our modern Naturalists. But it seemed to us not altogether useless to show that, after all, the speculations of the best period of the Middle Ages had more in common with the speculations of our own times than some perhaps imagine. We purposed to examine several other points treated by our author in his work, but space bids us be satisfied with this brief examination of his botanical doctrines. All, I think, will admit that they give evidence of a clear, vigorous, mind, earnest in the search after truth. The Botany of Albertus Magnus deserves honourable mention in any complete history of that important science, or at least in the history of Vegetable Physiology. Thus the treatise *De Vegetabilibus et Plantis* remains as a monument of remarkable industry, exhibiting a genuine scientific spirit, evidently not incompatible with an unbounded devotion to the faith for which Albert lived, and in which he died a Doctor and a Saint.

L. MARTIAL KLEIN.

King Henry the Eighth.

CHAPTER XI.

ANNE BOLEYN IN A NEW CHARACTER.

IN tracing the origin and development of the schism which separated England from Rome, we have now reached the year 1534, and a few observations must be made upon the incidents which occurred during its progress. They are comparatively uninteresting, and will not detain us long. England had no victories to chronicle, for she had ceased to occupy the conspicuous rank in the politics of Europe which she had attained during the brilliant administration of Wolsey. The correspondence between Henry and the Papal Court, until now so frequent and so exciting, had all but ceased, and its place had been supplied by the new system introduced by Cromwell and Cranmer. The internal state of the country demanded no especial observation. The commerce of England was carried on as heretofore; but its safety now depended rather upon the courage of each individual crew than upon the respect paid to the flag under which they sailed. As a nation our power had sunk into comparative insignificance. At home, the husbandman sowed his seed in the field as his father had done before him, and the harvest came round with its accustomed regularity. The country presented an appearance of undisturbed tranquillity, and within the realm there were many men intent only upon their own present enjoyment, who in this fair prospect welcomed the return of the golden age and ascribed it to the advent of the Reformation.

Henry was one of this number. He took little heed of the political events, great or small, which were passing around him either at home or on the continent; and, intent only upon the gratification of his own pleasures, he left the management of public affairs in the hands of Cromwell. This minister willingly devoted himself to his master's service, which in his hands was

made to become far from unproductive ; and of the clients who thronged to him for his patronage few were so indiscreet as to present themselves empty-handed. Thus liberated from all such official duty as he did not himself relish, the King followed his own amusements. Travelling gaily from one country house to another he hunted the stag, shot with his cross-bow, dallied with Anne Boleyn, and chatted with such of the ladies of the court as yet ventured to trust their reputation and themselves in his society. He found time at intervals to give some of his attention to the expansion of his latest discovery, the National Establishment, and during the year 1534 it underwent certain changes which brought it nearer to the form in which it now stands among us.

Parliament met early in January and showed itself favourable to the progress of the Reformation. It carried through to completion within a comparatively short space of time a succession of measures of primary importance. We are the less surprised at the rapidity with which it moved when we discover that the members of whom it was composed had been carefully sifted by the King and "the lady," and that such as might possibly give an independent vote were rejected. Among the number whom Henry looked upon with suspicion were the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Durham and Rochester, the Lord Darcy, and many others.¹ It was enacted that in future no canons should be made in Convocation without the King's consent ; that appeals might be carried from the Ecclesiastical Courts into the Court of Chancery, but that henceforth none should be made to the Pope. By subsequent chapters of the same session, Parliament decreed that bishops might be made and consecrated without the Papal sanction having been obtained, and the payment of first fruits to the Holy See was forbidden. Power was given to the archbishops and the King to grant such dispensations as hitherto had been obtained only from Rome ; and, finally, Cardinal Campeggio and Jerome de Ghinucci, Bishops of Salisbury and Worcester, were deprived of their bishoprics. The two universities followed in the same spirit, and declared that the Pope had no more jurisdiction in England than any other foreign bishop ; and, finally, the Convocation of the province of York, assembled under Archbishop Lee, arrived at the same decision.

It must not be forgotten, however, that these votes did not

¹ Gairdner, 121.

represent the genuine feelings of the people of England. They were wrung from the clergy and the convocation, from the parliament and the universities, by the pressure of that terrorism which now formed a part of the Government of the kingdom. Any attempt at independent action would have been crushed by the iron hand of this ruthless tyrant. Externally the condition of the country might seem fair and pleasant; but men who looked deeper knew better. They saw much which escapes the glance of the heedless observer, and learned lessons from books which fools do not care to read. Everywhere, under the guise of unresisting submission to the will of their master, was a feeling of insecurity; and it was impossible to refrain from questioning the stability of a system of which the beginnings had already been so ominous.

Unobservant as may have been the average Englishman of the time, he could not fail to observe that the changes introduced by Henry tended, at the same time, to the King's own advantage and to the loss of the nation at large. Reform was an expensive amusement, and to indulge the caprices of their Sovereign cost a large sum of money. They had to supply him with the funds for carrying on his quarrel with the Pope, and to feed the hungry agents who managed his affairs in Rome and in the chief universities through Europe. He said that he had reformed the Church; but he did so by sweeping into his own coffers, and spending upon his own pleasures, the revenues which built and supported the cathedrals, the parish churches, the hospitals, and the almshouses, which were the honour and glory of England. He had waxed eloquent when he discoursed upon the overgrown wealth of the monastic houses, but he seized their fertile pastures and well-cultivated fields to enrich his dissolute courtiers or his shameless courtisans. If the King became the richer by the process, the people became the poorer; and they looked with no favourable eye upon a system which began in persecution and was continued by oppression and tyranny.

Henry's reformation touched our ancestors on another point about which they were naturally very sensitive. The average Englishman of that day cared for his religion. Whatever may have been the faults of the clergy, it is clear that at the time of which I am writing they did their duty to their people. England was still a Catholic country and knew that it was such. The children were catechised, the youth was instructed in the faith, the sacraments were regularly dispensed, and the services of the

Church were duly administered. Heresy was punished, and every precaution was adopted to preserve the unity of that faith which had been the inheritance of the land from the time of St. Augustine.

With a people whose spiritual life was built upon such a broad foundation, anything which suggested the idea of a change of creed must have been looked upon with fear and hatred. The feeling of the country was Conservative. Henry's innovations would have been objectionable enough had they involved a change in the amount of the rental of our ancestors, or in the tenure of their land, or in the terms of their feudal service. But this new system which he was bent upon introducing, was something much more radical and more formidable. It told them that their fathers and mothers had died in darkness, that they themselves had been reared in culpable ignorance, and that until now they had not known the true nature of Christianity. But their difficulties were not yet over. When the Englishmen and Englishwomen of the period of Henry the Eighth came to examine this new revelation thus forced upon them, "this Gospel light which dawned from Boleyn's eyes," they recognized in it some of the worst features of that Lollardism which they knew to be a heresy condemned by bishops and universities, by councils and by popes; all that was erroneous in doctrine and abominable in practice. It might suit Henry and his paramour, but it would not do for honest Christians.

That it was abominable in practice could easily be proved. Henry had furnished his subjects with too many illustrations of its character to leave it open to a question. His debaucheries had long been notorious; and although the privacy of kings is held to enjoy a certain privileged licence, he had far overstepped that limit, even according to its laxest interpretation. All who saw him—saving his own familiars—must have shrunk with loathing from the man whose soul was known to be burdened with the double crime of adultery and incest. And now he came to them, warning them against walking any longer in the old paths, and pointing out the purer and more excellent way in which alone they might find safety and peace for the future.

When the altar is violated the fireside is seldom safe. England was under the dominion of a terrorism which made life intolerable. The land was overrun by spies and informers, who, when they could not discover cause for an accusation, invented one. They recommended themselves to their employer

by denouncing his rivals and his enemies. There was no safety from anonymous accusations; and to be accused was the same as to be condemned. The priest could not speak in safety to his flock from the pulpit, the wayfaring man could not drink his ale in quiet on the bench of the village inn, the farmer dared not talk with his neighbour in the market, without running the risk of being charged with harbouring treasonable designs of which he had never heard, and of expressing unloyal opinions which he had never uttered. And death was fast becoming the only form of punishment which Henry's Draconian laws would condescend to inflict.

The process by which Henry carried out his plans for establishing his royal supremacy demands a passing notice. He was a careful student of the laws of the realm, and had at his command the advice of men who would guide him wherever he needed direction. He contrived generally to have the law, or at least the letter of the law, on his side; and for most of his acts some authority can be quoted. The law was not openly and boldly violated, but it was administered in a harsh, cruel, and vindictive spirit. Justice was turned into an instrument of oppression; and, instead of being the protector of the community, was made to become the public executioner. The King used it to gratify his revenge, and the headsman and rackmaster of the Tower became the two great functionaries of State. Henry was never disappointed in the result of any prosecution which he thought fit to institute. The Trial by Jury, that supposed security against every miscarriage of justice, was no real protection to the accused. Jurors were timid, and judges held their offices during the royal pleasure. Obsolete Acts of Parliament were revived, and fines were inflicted upon their authority. If the law was not sufficiently stringent to accomplish the purpose for which it was needed, a new one was passed to meet the difficulty. Henry's supremacy was held to extend to matters of faith, worship, and discipline; to deny this supremacy and even to imagine it was a capital crime, as was proved by the case of More and Fisher. To this condition had the Supreme Head of the Church of England brought the nation, for the laws and liberties of which he had proposed himself as the Protector and Defender.

Men do not willingly live in such an atmosphere of doubt and danger, and when it overtakes them they do their best to escape from it. It was of sheer necessity that the English-

man who groaned under the rigour of Henry's bondage was driven to speculate how he could gain his freedom ; and he called up the memories of a bygone century to settle some of the problems of his present existence. In 1534 men were yet living whose fathers had taken an active part in the great Wars of the Roses, and who themselves had fought in the battle which placed the English crown on the head of the first of the Tudors. Had that event proved a blessing for the country, or a calamity ? Upon this question there might be a reasonable difference of opinion, but there could be none upon the legal value of the claim of the Tudors to the possession of the English throne. It was worthless as constituting a genealogical title. Henry the Seventh had worn the crown simply by the will of the people, and his son, the monarch at that time reigning, held it by no better prescript. The power which had made him could unmake him, and whether it would do so or not was a problem which was now exercising the minds of a considerable number of his subjects.

But then came the question : Who should be his successor ? To move in the rejection of the present ruler before having agreed upon the future occupant of the vacant throne, would have been to ensure the failure of the undertaking and to strengthen the position of the tyrant from whose despotism aggrieved England wished to free herself. Henry had already taught his people the direction in which they should look. He had announced that he meant to settle the succession of his realm to his nephew James, King of Scotland, in default of his own issue by his present wife ;² from an early period of his reign he had familiarized them with the idea, and they had accepted it. James was Henry's nephew, the son of Margaret Tudor, therefore one of the royal family of England. He was young, handsome, and generous ; he was a good Catholic, and he was as much beloved by his own people as Henry was feared and disliked. A contemporaneous report tells us that in the judgment of the writer, the personal qualities of the Scottish King could not be praised too highly. We may form our opinion as to the estimate in which he was held in England by an occurrence which is mentioned in more than one of the State Papers, and of which an account was forwarded without delay to Henry. When James was returning from France with his newly-married wife, it happened that his ship was becalmed off Scarborough, and, as

² Gairdner, II4, A.D. 1534.

the weather was fine, several of the inhabitants of a village on the coast went on board the royal vessel. Having obtained an interview with his Majesty they threw themselves on their knees before him, and thanked God for his health and prosperity. They showed him that they had long looked for him, "how they were oppressed, slain, and murdered, and they desired him for God's sake to come in, and he should have all." The inhabitants of another village on the same coast spoke the same language.³ The suggestion, as far as we can judge, seems to have been far from unpleasant to James at the time; but be that as it may, we know that when it was proposed to him in form at a later period by Sir Ralph Sadler, the Scottish monarch treated the suggestion with indifference. It is always difficult to speculate upon the result of movements which depend upon political combinations; but in the present case, it would seem as if an invasion of England, upon the part of Scotland, might have been successful, if supported by the aid of Charles or Francis. But James could not have held his prize for any length of time, even if he had succeeded in dethroning his obnoxious uncle.

More important, however, would it have been to have placed a member of the family of Pole at the head of any such insurrection as that which was now contemplated. Chapuys frequently discusses it with the Emperor, and always in such a tone as to show that he thought it practicable. According to the plan which was most popular, Reginald Pole, the future Cardinal, was to obtain a dispensation to marry the Princess Mary, and along with her to give peace to England. It was expected that Charles would send a small army to assist in the insurrection, which, however, would be carried out chiefly by the rising of the people themselves. Ireland would assist, and Wales waited but for the sign to be up and doing.⁴

About this time Anne Boleyn became conscious that her day of prosperity was fast drawing to its close. Probably she wondered that for her the sun had shone so brightly and so steadily; for from the beginning she must have known the character of the man with whom she had associated herself, and the nature of the connexion which she had formed with him. His treatment of Queen Katherine and the Princess Mary, his treatment of her own sister and herself, must have shown her that selfishness was the ruling principle of his

³ State Papers, *Henry VIII.* v. 80; *Span. Cal.* p. 754.

⁴ Gairdner, 1206, 1386.

conduct. As long as she pleased him she was safe, but no longer, and now she knew that she had ceased to please him. She was passing through the usual discipline of punishment which is marked out for women of the class to which Anne belonged. She was conscious that her attractions were upon the wane, that Henry had ceased to linger in her company as he used to do, that the light—baleful as it was—had died out of his eyes when he looked upon her, and that his voice, when he spoke to her, had become harsh and cold. The man she called her husband had ceased to care for her, and sought his amusement elsewhere. She had given him a child, but the child was not a boy, and he banished the useless encumbrance out of his sight. Anne did not know how to recover her lost ascendancy, or even to retain the scanty respect which he still continued to show her. At her best she had never been remarkable for her personal beauty, and the little which nature had bestowed upon her was rapidly on the decline. It had become notorious that Henry was pursuing a new amour, and had transferred to a younger and fairer object the affections, such as they were, which a few years previously he had lavished upon her. We cannot wonder that the wretched woman, friendless and comfortless, deserted by her husband and deprived of her child, lashed herself into paroxysms of fury; and that her tongue gave loud and shrill utterance to the evil passions which had taken possession of her heart. Such is the condition into which this miserable being is represented in the correspondence of the Imperial Ambassador as having fallen at this time. She is filled with envy, jealousy, hatred, and revenge; and ready for any crime the opportunity for which may be presented to her.

The state of affairs, then, in the royal household had ceased to be respectable. During the time when it had been presided over by Katherine, her influence and example had preserved at least the external appearance of decorum, but decorum had departed along with the Queen and the Princess Mary. Not only was there no decorum, there was no peace. Anne was a prey to jealousy; and a jealous woman who has a short temper and a sharp tongue is not a pleasant companion. Henry was not inclined to submit without a struggle. He was intent upon a new amour, and resented any attempt to interfere with what he considered his traditional privileges. His Court was now a kind of devil's paradise, and as such was distinguished by the

absence of all that was good and the presence of all that was evil.

It may be objected that this view which I have taken of the state of affairs in the English Court at the time of the birth of Queen Elizabeth is incredible, since, had it existed, Henry could at any time have freed himself from the annoyance to which it presumes that he was exposed. If his mistress had become a nuisance, why not tell her so, and get quit of her without further trouble? What was easier than to cut the cord that bound him to her; if not by the executioner, at least by the ready help of that other useful State functionary, the Archbishop of Canterbury? Since, then, Henry was contented to drag the chain which he had been fool enough to fasten round his own neck, why should we suppose that it galled him?

The explanation is to be found in remembering the insecure tenure by which the Tudors held the English crown. Their title to it was a fiction; they knew its weakness and were careful how they pleaded it. Henry the Seventh removed out of his way, as far as he had the opportunity of so doing, every individual who stood nearer than himself to the old royal blood of the family of York. His son, the eighth Henry, inherited his terrors and his method of quieting them, and he passed both on to his daughter Elizabeth. Hence the legal murder of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham; hence the more revolting execution of Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury; hence the anxiety with which he endeavoured to entrap Reginald Pole into his hands; and hence, once more, the endless plots which he devised to procure the death of Richard de la Pole, whom a large body of Henry's own subjects would know only by the title of the "Blanche Rose" of England. The question of the succession still pressed upon Henry in 1534, and he did not know how to answer it. Katherine had ceased to give him children and he divorced her. Henry Fitz Roy would not be acceptable to the nation as his successor, though such a plan had occurred to him, for he was illegitimate. Mary was rejected, because a queen regnant was a novelty in Europe. In the hope of obtaining an heir to the throne he had taken Anne Boleyn as his wife, and she had disappointed him so far, for the child which she presented to him was nothing better than a daughter. But having taken her and paid so dearly for her, he would give her one more chance; if the coming child were a son, well; if not so much the worse for Anne. But be it son

or be it daughter, one thing was certain : the King must have his amusements, and he did not wish to be disturbed in pursuing them. He had found a woman whom he preferred to Anne. She must be contented to bear the presence of another lady in the palace, and learn to endure something of the misery which she had formerly inflicted upon a better woman than herself.

It is clear then from the correspondence of Chapuys, now brought to light, that at the time of which the Ambassador is speaking, Anne's day was over. She was tolerated indeed, not from any regard to herself, for that had long since passed away, but simply with reference to the child to which she was about to give birth. She was aware that Henry was about to desert her, and the conviction embittered her whole soul. Imagining that his wife and daughter would regain their former influence her hatred towards them burnt with increased fierceness. A few of the events which occurred about this time have been preserved by the Imperial Ambassador, and as they illustrate the condition of affairs in the English Court, and portray the character of the actors, they are worth quotation.

The little Elizabeth at this time was under the care of her mother's aunt, whom Anne did her best to prejudice against Mary. She was told that Mary was not to be permitted to use the title of princess, or to be addressed as such, "and that if she did otherwise she must box her ears," and apply to her a term so disgraceful that I decline to reproduce it here.⁵ Henry was betrayed on one occasion into some expression of kindness towards his daughter, which was soon repeated to "his friend" and was wormwood to her. He went, nominally at least, to visit his baby ; but as Mary was an inmate in the same household, Anne, dreading that the King and the Princess might possibly meet, despatched messengers after him to prevent the interview. Accordingly, before arriving at the house he sent orders forbidding Mary to come to him. While he was in the house, Cromwell and others came to her, urging her to renounce her title. She replied that she had already given a decided answer to such a proposal ; that it was labour lost to press her ; and that they were deceived if they thought that harsh treatment, or rudeness, or even the prospect of death itself, would make her change her determination. When Henry was with his new daughter, the princess sent to ask leave

⁵ *Id.* 171.

to kiss his hand ; but her petition was rejected. But as he was about to mount his horse Mary went to the top of the house to look at him. He turned round, possibly by chance, possibly by some instinct which warned him that she was there, and seeing her on her knees with her hands joined, he bowed to her, and put his hand to his hat. All who were present rejoiced at what the King had done, and saluted her reverently with signs of good will and compassion. When Anne heard of it she remarked that Mary had too much liberty, and counselled that she should be subjected to a stricter seclusion.⁶

Anne's suggestion seems to have been carried into effect. Shortly after the King's visit, Mary, finding herself nearly destitute of clothes and other necessaries, was compelled to send a gentleman to her father, asking him for a supply of what she required. Her messenger was also charged to ask leave for her to attend Mass in the church which adjoined the house, but that petition was rejected. The country people had been in the habit of saluting her as she passed along a gallery, but now she was no longer visible to them. The Duke of Norfolk and Anne's brother (George, Lord Rochford) reprimanded the Keeper of the Household for behaving to the Princess with too much respect and kindness, saying that she ought to be treated as one of the baseborn. The answer made by the Keeper was, that even if she were, she deserved honour and good treatment for her virtues. The report concludes with the remark that she is well in health, and bears her troubles with patience and fortitude.⁷

Things went from bad to worse. From some reason not explained, Elizabeth was removed to another residence ; and for her greater humiliation Mary was required to render certain offices to the baby on the journey, which she refused to do, considering them degrading to her dignity. The result was that she was forcibly put by several gentlemen into a litter along with the aunt of the King's mistress, "and thus compelled to make court to the child."⁸ Chapuys thought that this extremity might have been avoided, as it only irritated the King and encouraged Anne, "who was continually plotting the worst she could against the Princess."⁹

When this official correspondence ends in the December of

⁶ *Id.* 83. ⁷ *Ibid.* 214.

⁸ I have here ventured to modify the plain speaking of the original despatch.

⁹ *Id.* 393.

1534, the treatment of the Princess had undergone no improvement. One of her attendants, in whom she had the greatest confidence, had been separated from her and thrown into prison upon the supposition that she had given information about her to the Spanish Ambassador. This new severity was supposed to have been employed at the desire of Anne upon her own authority, and without the King's knowledge. He had even showed some signs of a returning affection, as was proved by his conduct during an illness into which she had fallen through the long-continued ill-treatment to which she had been exposed. He sent his own physician to her, telling him that he would not on any account that aught amiss should happen to her. On hearing afterwards from the same authority that her illness arose from the harshness to which she had been subjected, the King heaved a deep sigh, saying that it was a great misfortune that she was so obstinate. The physician advised him to place her under the care of the Queen her mother, to which Henry replied that to this there was one great obstacle, namely, that if he did so there would be no hope of bringing her to do what he wanted, by which he meant, to renounce her lawful rank and due succession to the crown.

One more illustration of the miserable life which was led by Mary Tudor, who bore all so bravely and faithfully. Henry took her confessor from her, and gave her another, who was a Lutheran and a tool of his own. Afterwards he seemed to relent, and finding that he had to deal with a will something like his own, he condescended to adopt milder treatment. Begging her to lay aside her obstinacy, he tried to coax her into submission by promising that before long she should enjoy a royal title and dignity. To this, among many other wise answers, she replied that God had not so blinded her as that she could confess for any kingdom on earth that he, her father, and the Queen her mother had so long lived in adultery, nor would she contravene the ordinance of the Church and make herself an illegitimate. She believed firmly that this dissimulation of the King was being used by him only the more easily to attain his end and cover the poison of which she is in danger. But about that she cares little, for she has full confidence in God that if she die she will go straight to Paradise, and be quit of the tribulations of this world. Her only grief is about the troubles of the Queen her mother.

The troubles of Katherine certainly were many and grinding.

She was separated from her daughter, about whose safety she was in continual suspense and terror. The King, her husband, was so embittered against her that she advised Chapuys not to attempt to intercede with him on her behalf. If he were to speak firmly, Henry would be irritated; if mildly, he would be encouraged to persevere in his conduct. One of her attendants, Elizabeth Hammon, sent a letter, in Latin, to Friar John Forest, from which we gain an insight into the sufferings of this afflicted woman about the time of which I am speaking. Katherine's grief was so intense that her faithful handmaid feared it would be fatal. She wept and prayed without intermission. She cannot understand why the King should be so angry. Last Monday messengers came from him demanding she knew not what, with such threats that she knew not what to do. Yet these gallant women were true to their mistress through all, and the names of eight of them who refused to accept the obnoxious terms proposed by the King and rejected by the Queen, are chronicled for our respect and admiration.¹⁰

Unmoved by Katherine's request that no appeal on her behalf should be made to her husband, Chapuys considered it to be his duty to remonstrate with Henry as to the way in which she was treated. But he so far conceded to her wishes as to address himself to Cromwell in the first instance, leaving it to him to convey the information to his master according to his discretion. When the Ambassador had stated his case he was assured by Cromwell that Henry was ready to provide Katherine with every convenience, every luxury she could desire, that she should have a noble establishment and a liberal income for the asking—but upon one condition, she must admit that she was not his wife. Such a proposal was a refusal. Cromwell then retorted by complaining of the continued and heavy expense which the King incurred in supporting the two households of the Queen and Princess; but here he was reminded that the outlay might be considerably reduced by permitting the mother and daughter to live together, and dismissing the guards by whom they were at present surrounded. The conference came to nothing. As Chapuys was leaving, Cromwell ostentatiously offered to send four thousand ducats to the Queen that very day; a proposal which of course was rejected.¹¹

For some time past there had been growing up in the mind

¹⁰ *Id.* 131, 135.

¹¹ *Id.* 1297.

of the Spanish Ambassador a vague apprehension that both the Queen and the Princess were in some personal danger, and that possibly the attempt might be made to remove them by poison. The impression was strong in the conviction of both of them ; and not without reason. They were entirely in the power of one who was known frequently to have expressed very bitter feelings against them, and whose position would be strengthened by the death of one or both. The servants in whom alone they could trust, were dismissed, and their food was now prepared and served by attendants who were in the pay of their avowed enemy. Katherine's own physician was removed from attending her, and she had no confidence in the skill or the integrity of the person who would be sent as his substitute. She was in excellent health, but the report was widely circulated that she was suffering from an attack of dropsy, to prepare the public, it might be thought, for her death. It was stated that her mind was weakened, in order that no weight might be given to her complaints. She had formerly been permitted to receive visits from the Spanish Ambassador : now she was cut off from all intercourse with him, and in the event of sickness she had no means of letting her danger be known to her friends in the outer world. The impression deepened on the mind of Chapuys, and he did not hesitate to make the Emperor acquainted with it. In February he had gathered from a conversation with Norfolk, that "their hope is only in the death of the Queen." He tells us distinctly that the King himself "has great hope in the Queen's death." Even more decided were his convictions as to the nature of Anne's intentions. The Earl of Northumberland, her old suitor, who may be presumed to have known something of her character, said that he knew for certain that she had determined to poison Mary. The possibility of the deed had ceased to be a secret, for everywhere it began to be believed not only that Anne was capable of committing such a deed ; but further, that she was resolved upon doing it. Chapuys shared in the conviction, so did Mary and her mother, so did a large number of the public at home and abroad. Were there any grounds for the suspicion ? Did Chapuys abandon the charge or persist in it ? The consideration of these questions must be reserved for a subsequent article.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

The Domestic Side of Public Life.

THERE is a distinctly domestic side to every walk of life, however little that life may possess of a public character. The tradesman who carries on the smallest business is not quite the same man to his family and personal friends that he is to his customers, and the difference between home life and official life widens in proportion as a man's duties bring him more prominently into public notice or place him in a position of higher rank and command over others. It is natural, and perhaps inevitable, that if we know little or nothing of this domestic side of the life and character of such public men as the judge, the statesman, or the monarch, we picture them to ourselves as never unbending to share in the joys or sorrows of more ordinary mortals. Yet the ignorance out of which this mistake is begotten is most unfortunate, for nothing has served more to keep classes of men widely separated, and to give the subjects of any Government an excuse for imagining that the lines of thought and feeling habitual to the daily life of their rulers unfit them for entering into the sympathies of those whom they govern.

No one has helped to dispel this false impression more effectually than has our most gracious Queen, in her own regard. While other Sovereigns have shown themselves capable of public acts of sympathy and generosity on great occasions, she has known how to mingle earnest assurances of her own sorrow with the private grief of her subjects, and thus assuage the pain of many a local calamity and personal bereavement. The publication of *Leaves from a Journal of our Life in the Highlands* was, on the other side of the question, a happily-conceived invitation to interview the Queen at home and learn how simple were the tastes and habits of her domestic life. Far more important results still have been produced by the *Life of the Prince Consort*, due to the same inspiration, and freely admitting all into a full knowledge of the mutual

relations between the several members of the royal family, and their bearing on the policy of the State. The *Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life*, by Lady Bloomfield, which have lately appeared in print, reveal to us many interesting traits of the Queen's kindness to the members of her household during the earlier period of her reign. Such a narrative, written by a former maid-of-honour, tells far more than a few disjointed anecdotes do, and the reading of it carries us back to Madame D'Arblay's very piquant description of her own experiences in the household of George the Third.

The following extracts from Lady Bloomfield's journal, intended for her mother's perusal, are a pleasing refutation of the ill-natured anecdotes once current, which imputed to her Majesty a rather merciless observance of certain rules of etiquette within the Court circle :

I arrived at Windsor Castle yesterday, but did not see the Queen till just before dinner, when we received her Majesty in the corridor. She kissed us both, and, as I was in waiting, I sat within one of the Queen at dinner, and next Lord Ormond. Her Majesty made many inquiries after you, papa, and all my family, and expressed regret at hearing that papa had been unwell. After dinner I delivered the Duchess of Gloucester's present and letter; and when the gentlemen came in, Prince Albert asked me about the festivities at Ravensworth on the coming of age of my eldest brother's son Henry, and whether I had been practising much, and whether we had been a very large family party. Both he and the Queen laughed when I told them we were eighteen brothers and sisters, including the married ones; and as usual the Queen joked about the number of my nephews and nieces. I am so pleased at the smallness of the party here, as I always think Court so much pleasanter without guests, as we see so much more of the dear Queen.

We give another instance of the easy and considerate terms on which the Sovereign stood with the members of her Court :

I went to the Queen's room yesterday, and saw her before we began to sing. She was so thoroughly kind and gracious. The music went off very well, Costa accompanied, and I was pleased by the Queen's telling me, when I asked whether I had not better practise the things a little more, that "that was not necessary, as I knew them perfectly." She also said, "If it was convenient to me I was to go down to her room any evening to try the Masses." Just as if anything she desired could be inconvenient. However, I said of course I should be only too happy, but at the same time I hinted at the possibility of my coming down at a wrong moment, so then her Majesty said she should send for me, and if I was at home I might go to her.

Yachting with her Majesty in 1843 must have been a very enjoyable as well as healthful recreation. The following scene shows how entirely mere etiquette was laid aside :

We left Falmouth at a quarter past three, and sailed for Cherbourg. I remained on deck a long time with her Majesty, and she taught me to plait paper for bonnets, which was a favourite occupation of the Queen's. Lady Canning and I had settled ourselves in a very sheltered place, protected by the paddle-box, and when we had been there some time the Queen came on deck, and remarking what a comfortable spot we had chosen, her Majesty sent for her camp stool and settled herself beside us, plaiting away most composedly, when suddenly we observed a commotion among the sailors, little knots of men talking together in a mysterious manner : first one officer came up to them, then another, they looked puzzled, and at last Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence was called. The Queen, much *intriguée*, asked what was the matter, and inquired whether we were going to have a mutiny on board. Lord Adolphus laughed, but remarked he really did not know what *would* happen unless her Majesty would be graciously pleased to move her seat. "Move my seat," said the Queen, "why should I? What possible harm can I be doing here?" "Well, ma'am," said Lord Adolphus, "the fact is, your Majesty is unwittingly closing up the door of the place where the grog tubs are kept, and so the men cannot have their grog!" "Oh, very well," said the Queen, "I will move on one condition, viz., that you bring me a glass of grog." This was according done, and after tasting it the Queen said, "I am afraid I can only make the same remark I did once before, that I think it would be very good if it were stronger!" This, of course, delighted the men, and the little incident caused much amusement on board.

The unbending of royal dignity in private life, little acts of attention and consideration for the wishes and feelings of others, or an affectionate interest in their absent friends and relatives, are however matters of slight moment compared with the determination to shield them from harm, even at one's own greater risk. And this higher sense of responsibility was manifested by the Queen on one of the painful occasions when she was shot at. Her maid-of-honour narrates how bravely she controlled her emotions after the first attempt on Sunday, the 29th of May, as the royal party were returning to Buckingham Palace from the Chapel Royal. She remained calm and collected, and on arriving home walked up the grand staircase to her apartments, talking to her ladies and commenting on the sermon they had just heard, after which she dismissed them while still in ignorance of what had happened. The next day she drove out alone with Prince Albert in an open carriage, refusing to

take any of her ladies with her, lest she might expose their life to a danger which she felt impending over her own all the time that she was driving. This was in truth a noble example of courage and consideration, as the presence of a second lady in the carriage would naturally cause doubt and hesitation in the aim of an intended assassin. Almost akin to the advice of Polonius to his son, in the play of *Hamlet*, is the letter of motherly counsel which Lady Ravensworth wrote to her daughter at the time of her appointment to the office of maid-of-honour to the Queen. A few sentences from it are especially deserving of attention on the part of young ladies going out into society. After many excellent suggestions, she continues :

I abhor idle gossip about dress, balls, and levees, and look upon such conversation as a positive waste of time and talents. My beloved child, keep yourself to yourself, and whatever spare time you have, employ it well, and lay not up your talents in a napkin. Your first duty is to God; your second to your Sovereign; your third to yourself; and I do most earnestly entreat you never to retire to rest, without examining truly and impartially your conduct during the day; and if your conscience acquits you of all blame, you may then lie down with an innocent and cheerful heart, and think on your absent mother; but if, on the contrary, you feel that you have left undone those things you ought to have done, or done those things which you ought not to have done, you should on your knees ask pardon of your heavenly Father, and pray for strength to resist temptation in future, whether it be from vanity, extravagance, want of charity, or idleness. Dearest Georgie, be kind and benevolent to all persons under you, and so regulate your expenses as to be able to set aside a certain portion of your income exclusively for charitable purposes, and put away from you that foolish idea that to dress well you *must* wear expensive things. So far from that being so, I should say simplicity, freshness, and elegance of form constitute real perfection in a young person's dress.

More than half the amusing incidents that brighten the pages of an entertaining book or enliven the domestic circle have happened in connection with some phase or duty of public life, and many of the raciest anecdotes in vogue have come from the misadventures or maladroit speeches of public men. The late Sir Robert Peel could tell of the most ridiculous straits to which a Lord Mayor of London was driven, at the annual civic pageant, in the vain endeavour to divest himself of a huge pair of jack-boots which he had drawn over his shoes and stockings, to keep the mud off. As the Queen approached nearer and nearer to the boundary of his proud domain, this

type and representative of all its ancient dignity was standing with one leg out, whilst several men were tugging at his boot and striving to disentangle his spur from the fur trimming of an alderman's dress. When her Majesty was only a few paces off, the poor man, at last, in a frenzy, shouted out, "For God's sake put my boot on again." This was accomplished only at the last moment, and the Lord Mayor had to preside over the double solemnity of both procession and banquet in this most unbecoming addition to his attire. As a worthy pendant to the indignation once expressed by an alderman at losing the undisturbed relish of a particularly green and rich bit of turtle through the inconsiderate remark of a neighbour, we may take the observation of a famous Alderman Flower to Canning, when seated next him at a Guildhall dinner. "Mr. Canning," said he, "my Lord Ellenborough (the Lord Chief Justice) was a man of uncommon sagacity." Canning bowed assent, and replied he believed he was; but asked what gave rise to the observation at that moment; upon which the alderman answered, "Why, sir, had he been here he would have told me by a single glance of his eye which is the best of those five haunches of venison."

Lord Mayor's banquets seem to be rather fruitful in anecdotes, for Lady Bloomfield gives another from the same source.

The Duke of Wellington was called upon to propose the health of the Lady Mayoress, whom he had never set eyes on, and who happened to be a very plain, wizened little woman; when, to the extreme surprise of Lord Ellenborough (who sat near him), the Duke in his speech called her the model of her sex! After dinner, being asked, "How could you call that ugly little creature the model of her sex?" the Duke laughed and said, "Ha! ha! What the devil could I call her? I had never seen her before."

At the more private table of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, told two amusing stories of himself. After he had preached a sermon which was much commented on and found fault with, one of his admirers, an undergraduate at the same University, taking up the cudgels in his lordship's behalf, said in excuse, "Poor beggar, he did not mean what he said; do not be so hard upon him." When a young man, the Bishop had gone with his father to pay a visit to the well known banker, Mr. Gurney, and being obliged to leave early in the morning he was wishing his Quaker host good-bye, when Mr. Gurney said, "I'm sorry, brother, thou must go, for I thought the Spirit might move me to-morrow

morning to address thee and thy family." The young man answered rather maliciously that if he was *sure* of that he would stay. On which Mr. Gurney remarked, "Nay, but thou oughtest to have the moral certainty!"

Medical men have been known to administer very unpalatable moral remedies to their refractory or imaginative patients but we fancy no patient was ever taken more stringently or mercilessly in hand than the Princess G—, living in St. Petersburg, who used to summon her physician, Dr. Rogerson, from dinner parties or his favourite game of whist, to attend to her imaginary ailments.

She sent for him once in the middle of the night, saying that she was dying, and begged him to come instantly. When he arrived he found that, as usual, it was a false alarm; however, he looked very serious, assured the Princess that she was in great danger, and that he was not at all sure he could save her; but she must instantly drink several glasses of cold water, and get up and walk fifty times up and down the English quay. As the night was bitterly cold, and it was snowing hard, this was considered an extraordinary remedy for a dying woman; but, however, the learned physician insisted, and took his leave. The Princess, in fear and trembling, got out of her bed, and placing implicit trust in the efficacy of her remedy, followed the doctor's advice. The following day Dr. Rogerson called, and found his patient perfectly well; he then told her that he had been so perpetually annoyed by being called in without necessity, he had determined upon giving her a lesson, and he hoped henceforward his services would be dispensed with, except in case of real necessity.

After her marriage to her husband, the Hon. John Arthur D. Bloomfield, at that time Minister at the Court of St. Petersburg, Lady Bloomfield accompanied him on his return to Russia, and commenced her life as Ambassadress in different capitals. Her journal, supplemented at times by notes and letters of her husband, gives evidence of close and intelligent observation, and by quoting the result of her conversation with diplomatists and with men of different ranks and professions, it bears witness to her great interest in all matters that affected the well being of the poorer classes. Her pages are replete with scenes and incidents illustrating the domestic side of public life, and we gather from them how much variety and adventure break the monotony of Court functions, of the discussion of affairs of State, and all the minutiae of despatches, official correspondence, regulations, and the other details which come under the general stigma of red-tapeism. A lady ambassadress seems doomed to endure as

many formal and fatiguing audiences, both granted and received, as her liege lord. A few somewhat disconnected extracts will give marked proofs of this under the peculiarly favourable circumstances of the restoration of the Embassy at Vienna in January, 1861.

I joined my husband at Vienna in the spring of 1861. The Emperor opened Parliament in person, and I was amused to hear that some of the remoter provinces of the Austrian dominion selected peasants as their representatives, who could neither read, write, nor understand a word of German! And when they voted in a way disapproved of by their constituents, they were flogged by them on their return home. The Empress was absent in Madeira when I arrived, but I was presented to the Emperor and Archduchesses, and then held my receptions, which were rather formidable. One of the ladies of high rank at Court, Countess Buquoy, was appointed to introduce the Vienna society to me. I sat in full court dress upon a sofa in the middle of the drawing-room at the Embassy, and the person of highest rank present, after being introduced, sat down next to me till a lady of still higher rank arrived, when she immediately got up and gave up her place. This went on till all the society had been introduced to me, and lasted for three evenings; everyone being in Court dress. One of the Chamberlains presented the gentlemen, and after my receptions were over I was expected to return the visits.

Yet, not even a life of such exterior grandeur and elegant refinement as all these Court ceremonials imply, is a safeguard against the inroad of many domestic inconveniences. Thus on reaching an inn where the danger of damp beds was suspected, and Lord Bloomfield insisted that the mattresses had not been sufficiently aired, after vainly endeavouring to tranquillise his fears, the chambermaid at last got impatient, and vociferated: "Mais votre excellence, quand j'assure votre excellence que deux commis voyageurs sont sortis pour faire place à votre excellence!" "I thought to myself," writes his wife, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise, and so I implored my husband not to inquire too narrowly as to who had preceded us in the rooms we occupied."

From Lady Bloomfield's very frequent and pleasing sketches of the home-life of the different members of each Court circle that she visited in succession, where so much simplicity of life and kindness of feeling were exhibited, we extract a striking instance of apparition at the hour of death.

Vienna.—Last night I was talking about ghost stories at Princess Schönburg's, when Baron Stockhausen, our Hanoverian colleague,

laughed me to scorn, upon which the Princess rebuked him and said that he was aware that her mother, Princess Schwarzenberg, perished at Paris in the great fire which took place at the Austrian Embassy. She had left her youngest children here at Vienna. The Cardinal, being then a baby of six months old, was in his cradle one night, when suddenly his nurse, an old and respectable, but by no means a clever or imaginative, woman, fell down on her knees and exclaimed, "Jesu, Maria, Joseph! there is the figure of the Princess standing over the baby's cradle." Several nursery maids who were in the room heard the exclamation, though they saw nothing; but to her dying day the nurse affirmed the truth of the vision, and there being then no telegraphs, it was not for many days after that the news of the Princess Schwarzenberg's untimely fate reached them.

We must conclude our illustrations drawn from the private life of men filling public and official positions by quoting Count Chreptowich's narrative of his interview with Pius the Ninth at Gaeta, during the year 1848. The Russian Minister's object was to persuade the Pope to apply for the protection of the great Roman Catholic Powers, who were disputing amongst themselves which should offer His Holiness an asylum, but had not thought of uniting in his defence.

Being anxious to avoid publicity, Count Chreptowich determined to go to Gaeta in the night, and he applied to Count Filangieri, then Governor of Naples, for a steamer, and asked the Count to accompany him to Gaeta on a mission of great importance, telling him he would give him all particulars during the passage. Accordingly, at 10 p.m., a steamer was in readiness, and they started for Gaeta, and arriving there at midnight found that the Pope and the King of Naples had already retired to rest, so the first step was to awaken the King, who, much surprised, received Count Chreptowich, and was told that he, the Count, must have an audience of the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli at once. There was some demur, but at last, at 1 a.m., the Count was admitted to the Pope's bedroom, a very small room, with a simple camp bed, a sofa, a chair, and a table. The Pope had just risen, and after hearing the Count's proposition, declared that he could give no answer till he had sought guidance from God and heard Mass. Count Chreptowich agreed to this, but said he must be back in Naples early in the morning, as it was of the utmost importance his mission should be kept secret, so the Pope heard Mass at five, and gave his answer at 6 a.m., and in accordance with the Count's advice, the appeal to the Roman Catholic Powers was drawn up by Count Chreptowich, Count Filangieri, and Cardinal Antonelli; and at 9 a.m. the two former were back in Naples, and a messenger was dispatched to Prince Schwarzenberg to inform him of the steps which had been taken, which resulted in the occupation of Rome by the French and the reinstatement of the Pope in the Vatican.

A Husband's Story.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was a strange sensation lying down to rest that night, after so great a change! Such nights rarely occur in the lives of a single individual, and the sensation is as curious as it is rare. It almost belongs to the theatre. Many, however, toil through life, from beginning to end, without change of this kind: all is monotonous—one day succeeds the other. To some again this monotony has all the effect of change, while the change itself operates as a disturbance. In the course of a life, the turn too often, alas! operates in the other direction; one is precipitated downwards instead of upwards—occurring by way of natural cause as well as by disaster. As when some person in high office dies, and his family have to quit their residence and begin life on a smaller scale; or worse, when some opulent merchant, living in luxuriance, falls with a crash, and his unsuspecting family learns some morning that they must quit their grand house and become poor.

I fancy the most acceptable of gala nights must be the night of the news of an election to Parliament, or of your first successful play, with the roar of the audience ringing in your ear, or that grand speech which on awakening next morning you find has made you famous. How delightful, too, the un hoped for rescue from some impending stroke, which has made you sore and anxious for many a day! Here is indemnification for an anxious temperament: while those who take everything "easily," as it is called, or indifferently, certainly lose this pleasure of relief or rescue.

Now began our new life, yet with it came troubles. Her health, ever frail, was not flourishing, though her "game" spirit, as it might be called, never allowed her to yield to illness or take the airs of an invalid. She would treat contemptuously all those little attacks of the chest—significant warnings—and

never consent to nurse herself. She was not fond of gaiety, but she liked to be in the foremost row of gaiety and amusement. It was at this time that the fashionable folly or craze called "Princes" was in high vogue, and thither she delighted in re-pairing, chiefly, I believe, for the pleasure of returning home furnished with gossip that was likely to amuse. Yet one of her little colds was duly caught, which was very often, and she had to submit to imprisonment, for weeks it might be, up in her room. It was endured with a patience and gaiety that was amazing. At last she was ordered abroad, to the south of France, for the winter, which proved to be of unusual severity, but the change brought no profit, rather did mischief.

There are, happily, plenty of instances of the conventional graces of life, of affection, consideration, unselfishness, and sacrifice. That is an exceptional family in which some members, at least, are not thus distinguished. Not so often are these virtues found embellished, as it were, with a tracery and ornamentation, taking shape in little unexpected turns and far fetched graces which affection evolves out of itself. Doreen's delicate nature could not be satisfied with the existing plain conventions: it must correspond to her own tender and exquisitely sensitive disposition. Pages could be filled were I to enumerate the little original devices of this finely strung disposition, and the unceasing subject of wonder to me ever was, how this never flagged for an instant, but seemed to gather strength as the years went on. In most married lives the early romance wears off or dulls; indeed, repetition is the damp and mildew of romance. But she was ever fresh and buoyant, but quick to detect what escaped you, she thought of some undercurrent, so that one had to be careful in choosing the fitting words. She seemed to live for affection; a *cold* word, not a harsh or angry one, chilled her like an East wind, and went to her heart. The same quick sensitiveness made her detect in a second any words and assurances that seemed to be used, as of course. She knew the real ring, and her bright eyes would often settle on you with an uneasy suspicion, changing from an eager sparkle to despondency. Indeed her whole nature was like some instrument, delicate as one of Professor Crooke's little discs, which will flutter and move under the mere impression of the rays of light. Once, after some trifling cloud, when she could not conceal her enchantment at all being well again, her eyes filled suddenly with suspicion. She had detected something formal in the tones.

"No. I don't like you," she said, turning away. "*I see, it was your duty, or religion, that made you do this.*"

This was almost dramatic. Rarely indeed could be found a nature so *natural*, as it were, so utterly unaffected by habit or convention, or the pardonable little hyperboles or affectations of life. One of her pretty customs, picked up in some foreign country, was to stand at the window and kiss both hands to the departing one whom she liked. Often returning home of an evening, I found lying on my papers some little souvenir: a little bunch of cherries—tied up in a piquant fashion peculiar to herself—or a *bonne bouche* of choice French *bon-bons*. The coquettish way in which these were arrayed, the very twist of the ribbon, were characteristic of herself, and like the crimson ribbon with which she would fasten her hair. Such little elegancies are the charms of life. And these trifles always took some new and varied shape, her affection suggesting it to her without effort.

But never shall her pride, her delight, and gratitude be forgotten when the always disagreeable duty of *copying* was asked, not unnaturally with hesitation, for there is no such painful drudgery. One would think some favour had been conferred, or some present given, so joyfully was it received. And at the end of the day there it was lying on the desk, in the most careful, legible penmanship, complete, neat, and satisfactory. Naturally one shrank from wishing such service, but was tempted to ask it occasionally, if only for the pleasure given. Once indeed, much pressed for time, I seriously invited her aid, on the ground of necessity. There was a theatrical patent, duly engrossed on "skins," each line of the legal writing stretching across, and some two or three feet in length. A portion of this had to be copied. I was about to get a professional copyist, but she seized on it with her usual joyful alacrity. It would be a matter of some days. On coming in as usual at the close of the day, there lay my patent copied into ten or twelve pages, neatly tied up with a ribbon, lying ready, with an inviting surprise! I felt a sort of pain, as I thought of the long and the weary writing, the little fingers travelling painfully but zealously along the monotonous track. But such feeling was overpowered in her joyful delight and satisfaction, her very anxiety being to know "was it right?" or "of use?" Trivial as this may seem, it is in its way as high a trait of amiability as some grander, *official*, and more showy act.

I have spoken before of her welcome smile, not conventional or forced, but thoroughly genuine and sympathetic. Often at some banquet have I seen her peering across the table, her eyes struggling with the intercepting flowers, to show that she was still sympathetic and not forgetful. The same watchful smile was to be seen, the dancing eyes, all through the night of a ball or rout. And going home in the carriage, the first words were:

"And you liked me? Did you *really* like me?"

In one so tenderly gentle there was a surprising intrepidity. For those she loved she would have walked up to a cannon's mouth. Once a friend, who was in a rather reduced state, came to her with a bracelet, or some trinket, begging, as she was not "equal" to the task, or did not know how to go about it, that she would take it to some jeweller and offer it for sale. With infinite alacrity and pleasure, she arrayed herself in unpretending garments, set off, and for a whole morning trudged from shop to shop, now received superciliously, oftener rebuffed, welcoming all the slights of this disagreeable duty with the utmost cheerfulness, finally coming home in successful triumph, having secured a good price, to recount her rebuffs and mortifications. I frankly own I would have shrank from the ungrateful office: but, in its little way, there is a certain miniature heroism in this which would have attempted far greater things. No wonder that it was once sung of her:

HER LITTLE SHOE !

Little Blue Shoe—sad little shoe !
Face that was tender—heart that was true !

Full many and many a year has flown
Since into the sunlight she came :
And one there is left and one there is gone,
The tender, the bright little Dame.
I see her now—with the dancing eyes,
The sea-shell tint, the glance so sweet.
The fluttering lip and laugh of surprise,
And the bright blue shoes on the little feet.
Little Blue Shoe ! gay little shoe !
Face that was tender, heart that was true !

Full many and many a year has flown
Since a sunny day in June
She brightened the house that was now her own :
Her laugh as gay as a tune.
For up the stair, and down the stair,
And busily through the street,

Fluttered so fast in matronly care,
Little blue shoes and restless feet.
Little Blue Shoe, bright little shoe,
Face that was tender, heart that was true !

Now many and many a year has flown,
Each bringing a colder chill ;
One there is left, and one there is gone—
The little feet are still.
All in these days of November gloom
The house I wander through,
And find in a lone, forgotten room,
Lost in a corner, a little Shoe !
Little Blue Shoe ! sad little shoe !
Face that was tender, heart that was true !

We both held ever a favourite theory, that we all do not make enough of the little cheap accessible pleasures and amusements of life, and which delight the more because nothing is expected from them. The little obscure town and buildings on the Continent, unproclaimed and unofficial, often delight far more than the grand registered show places that you take long and expensive journeys to see. Not so long since I was describing to some wealthy, flourishing friends, who had all the "resources of civilization" at their command, how I spent a week on the top of Hampstead Heath, at that half hotel, half public, "Jack Straw's Castle," queer and quaint, and how delightful it was : on which with a sigh he turned to his wife and said, "There ! we don't half enjoy our life !" as who should say, "The world is too much with us." Many were the solemn expeditions that Doreen and I had made to far off places—long, and to say the truth, weary journeys ; but it was curious and also pleasant to think that of all these expeditions the one to which her eyes ever turned with a sort of delighted affection, was an impromptu journey—whither will the reader think ? To Kew Common ! It was but for a week or two. This familiar spot has, for all its familiarity, a pleasantly quaint and old-fashioned air. It seems to dream or snooze ; there are the memories of the old King and Queen, and the Dukes and Duchesses. In one of the roads that stray out I had noticed a row of little ivy-clustered houses, built in a cheap Elizabethan style, with little rooms in the roof. I saw one was to be let : went in and treated. Next day we were down there. It was beautiful weather. They were worthy people, doing their best to please, and unaccustomed to letting. The mornings were inexpressibly welcome, the light

coming in through the ivy and the sham Elizabethan panes (but they did well enough), and there was the Common, with the queer old church perched in the middle, where the "old Duchess" used to come to service; and the river at the back, with the boats always ready; and the pretty walks about; and the "Coach and Horses," which every single coach, car, cart, and pedestrian was by some iron law prevented passing—it was so artfully pitched, exactly at the entrance of the Common, so that both broke on the traveller at the same instant, and seemed to say, "This is the end of your journey." Then there was our hostess' family tribulations, she being sorely "put upon" by an extravagant elderly boy. She foresaw they would not long be there, through *his* doings. The days went by very quickly. We seemed to be abroad. It required management even to procure a newspaper. Of evenings it was rural and snug, and then there were the tea-gardens: for she ever delighted, like myself, studying the shifting phases and humours of vulgar life. Yet what value was there in that short "outing!" Nothing was ever looked back to with such wistful enjoyment. It was "Dear old Kew," "Those happy Kew days," and "This is not like dear old Kew!" Now I look on the place with a sort of veneration, and only the other day wandered down past the old house and the Elizabethan window. The host and his wife had long since been turned out. But I wish I could do justice to the charm she possessed of thus setting off, or even to the *emblazoning* of little ordinary occasions like this. "Foolish little creature!" the profoundly wise will exclaim, in which she herself might have joined, adding her own tender plaint: "I know that I am foolish, and the only thing I know or can do is to love you!"

Ever delicate, and as it were without "*staminet*," as a worthy menial once put it—she had that frail sensitive chest of hers to contend with. Many were the visits we paid to the great men of medicine, to the Sir Williams, Sir Jameses, and the rest, and who always took a deep interest in their patient. There was a fatherly, grave lecturing tone in the manner in which these eminent personages used to receive their interesting little patient, whose spirit and "game" actually served to hide the very serious character of her illness. She seemed indeed to enjoy the visit as a sort of pleasant excursion, and dressed herself in her most coquettish style, to make an impression on the special Sir William or

Sir James she had selected to visit. Meanwhile the dreadful and insidious malady was slowly making its way, and though warnings were gravely given about "we must take the greatest care," still no one dreamed that there was anything that the greatest care, which could always be reckoned upon, would not protect her against.

In the course of all this, she would do imprudent things, catching cold and coughs, and it was always wonderful to see with what patience she would submit to the necessary imprisonment, the shutting up in a warm room, often alone for days, ever found cheerful and smiling and uncomplaining. Such unsailing, unvarying sweetness seems extraordinary. Never was there seen the slightest pettishness or complaint. At the end of a long day's imprisonment, when I would return from work, then she would rise, closing her book, which must have been weary enough for her, and with a bright gaiety greet the wanderer returned.

During one of these little attacks, which, alas! began to recur very often, it was thought that "change of air," which with many is a sort of fetish, but is, at least, capricious enough in its working, would have its usual beneficial use. One of these unmeaning beliefs in the efficacy of a place, founded on what was picked up at a dinner party, or upon some careless conversation, led to our fancying that Southend would work a miracle. A favourite physician consulted on the point seemed to be impressed by the *bizarre* character of the idea.

"Well, I don't say but that Southend," he said oracularly, "is really an efficacious spot in the winter. Well, I don't say but that it might be a good idea. By all means go."

It was in the winter, about January. There was an idea that the cool, mild shelter of the place, half on the river, and within sight of the sea, would be "just the thing." With great cheerfulness and alacrity, she got ready for this change. It was a chill, steel-blue evening on which she set off with her maid, my own avocations keeping me in town. There was an air of something gloomy in her being thus sent off to the sad and deserted watering-place, under a sort of conscientious idea of duty, and doing for the best. But she took her way, as I said, cheerfully departing from the Great Eastern Station, while I returned to work—work which was ever at work.

Not till long after did I see the place, when I wandered sadly through it, in the winter time also, and noted the triste

solemnity and stagnantly depressing air of the place—the river drifting gloomily by, the ships passing with a ceaseless monotony. It was then I understood the desolation of those few days spent there. I ever look at the place with some secret strange feeling, of its sad torpor and sense of desertion. The river never seems to me to run so melancholy as there.

In the time of her visits, with the usual ill-luck of such changes, a season of bleak and cutting winds had set in. The long range of terraces were without tenants—the place was, as it were, shut up. She dare not venture forth to meet the stabbing "Easters," and so remained imprisoned for the whole of the three or four days she was there. There was here once more the wretched fiction of something being done in the direction of mending; but it had been better had she remained where she was. I picture her on one of those long cold-blue evenings, closing in betimes, the light twinkling, the winds sweeping round the corner in gusts, the glimpse of the depressing river, and the little prisoner, alone at her fire, and consoling herself with writing home such pleasing, tender appeals.

Her letters were ever charming to read from their simple tenderness, perfect nature, and varied forms of affection, a variety that came of her writing from her heart. There was little in these things, few facts and less "news," yet they were always welcome from this genuine ring, contrasting so with those perhaps insipid and formal letters which married people write to each other, filled with commissions and "requests" of the family, and remarks somewhat in a newspaper strain. As one reads *hers*, one seems to hear her soft earnest voice and coaxing ways. She had a little vehement or energetic fashion of writing of her own. There was a little old-fashioned strain about them which reveals some of these touching simple letters written by Steele in the *Taller*—an antique simplicity. With Thackeray and other commentators, it has been a favourite subject this of letters: the letters of those gone before. The writings speaks gently from the grave: the favourite character of the paper, the scent, these are like words and tones.

Let the reader put it to himself as a little exercise, how he would devise any variety in the playing on the same string, and he will see the difficulty: also how easily it is overcome, by the force of earnestness and nature. These contain little more than gentle protests against neglect in writing the daily

letter, with other protests of affection—and yet how fresh and natural and unconventional is the whole series.

Sunday.

My own,—How much better off you are than I am; for you can get a letter every day in the country, while I am so longing for mine to-morrow. Tell me all about yourself. Did you feel the rough passage, and are you taking care of cold? I know you wont be away a moment longer than you can help, but every moment seems very long to me. My own, I can't bear going into the dining-room and seeing the desk without you looking round at me. Even Toby misses you and seems to have grown stupid since you left.

My own,—I have just returned and find your dear note. If you are amusing yourself don't come back, but I am longing to see you again; and I went to Mrs. D—— last night, a kind of half-concert, half-drum. A—— played, accompanied by a Miss —, and B—— said did it very well. I am no judge. E—— looked like her mother; not that she will ever be as handsome as mamma—my mamma-in-law. I looked very well in the pink dress. It was a trial to put it on, but sooner or latter I knew I should have to wear colours. When you are away I seem to feel my loss. I hope you will have your picture done. Your note is, like your photo, on my neck.

Ever your fond
Dot.

Love to Toby and tell him I don't forget him.

How prettily put, how earnest and varied where her appeals and gentle reproaches in not writing—and nothing could be more effective for her purpose.

Just a line to day, to tell my lazy darling he has made me very unhappy and anxious not having heard from him for two days. You ought not to make me *spoil my eyes*, fretting. I always get so uneasy thinking you may be ill when no letter comes. M—— is here and takes such care of me. *She* would not leave me so long, without a note even. Do write and say how you are, I am longing to see your dear face again.

My own,—Your *nine* words came this morning and comforted me, as I did not hear from you yesterday. Do write me a *letter* and say what you are doing, and how the mud is.

You cannot think how anxious I am about you, and how I long to see you on the platform of the railway.

My own,—I was so glad to get your *little* note this morning. You have forgiven me quite for my crossness, as I feel quite happy now. Do write me an account of all your doings. I will tell you when I return why I ask you to let F—— pay the bills. My own, it seems an age

since I left you. I do hope you are not working too hard. I wake at night thinking of you, and cannot sleep. Sometimes I cannot help crying when I wonder how you are. Now write often, and don't tell me to stay a month away from you. My own, I cannot express in writing what I feel for you, but I am really miserable when you are away. Your letters, and seeing mamma, are now my only comforts. I long to see you again. I waited until the last moment to post, as I thought Sir W. —— (the doctor) might have come before this, but I will write to-morrow all he says.

My own,—I was afraid I had annoyed you in some way, as no news from you arrived yesterday, and then I imagined you would steal in early this morning. But I am glad you are amusing yourself at dinner-parties after all the day's bother. Of course, dearest, you must spend a day or two with our people, but I hope very soon to tell you how glad I am to have you back.

I was so glad to get your little note this morning, saying you had arrived safely and found all well. The thunderstorm frightened me so much that mamma made me lie down afterwards, so I missed post hour. I cannot bear going into the study, now I know your dear face will not be there, but I am sure you will come back as soon as you can to your Dot. Don't think I am worrying. How I long to see you, my *own* own!

I am longing to hear how you got over, and that you had a good passage, and found all well at Spa. I was so lonely after you left. Your Mary brought me from her people a present of a lovely bouquet, three pots of rare plants, and two large bunches of grapes cut from the vine with the leaves and stalks on. I wish they had come before you left. Now, darling, do take care of yourself and enjoy your "holiday" by not writing so much, and don't forget *our* prayers every night. I have your hair next my heart, and it is a little comfort to me when you are away. Give my best love—no *next* best love—to all at Spa, and do write every day, if only a line, to your own loving

Dot.

My own,—Forgive me, I have been so worried lately, and then one of your letters made me imagine you did not care about seeing me, that I was very, very cross. But why should you not amuse yourself without your Dot, and perhaps far better; but whatever you do, remember she is always, though cross and disagreeable, your loving

Dot.

My own,—Why do you "hope I think of you?" Don't you know I am always doing so? Your letters are such a comfort to me. It is very good of you to let me have one every day; but you will be able to let me have a talk with you soon. You must be greatly bored having

to go about with the judges and sitting in court. So you will be glad to come home, though you said "this was your holiday." Fortunately I did not believe it. I am so glad the "turn out" was successful. How I should have liked to have seen you in all the goings and comings. No news here, except that the rain is still coming, always about twelve o'clock it begins and prevents my going out. The fire, Toby, and Muff are my companions.

My own,—Do be as good as you have been, and write to your "old woman" *every day*. I long so for your letters. They make the day seem less lonely. . . . Dear old man, are you taking care of yourself in all this trouble? My own, it seems ages since you left. It is such a comfort to me to write all my thoughts to you, though I am sometimes afraid of boring you with my selfishness. Still, I like you to know all I think. I am getting well by degrees. The measles always make one very weak for some time afterwards; but thank God I got over it so well.

My own,—I thought you liked even "a scrap" from me; but don't take such a horrid way of punishing me by not letting me know every day how you are. You are very busy, my own; but I hope you are not overworking yourself. . . . Darling, how slowly the time goes now, away from you: the nearer our meeting comes, the slower it seems.

My own dear,—Your note of this morning did me so much good. You cannot think how I love to hear from you. When you don't write I am miserable the whole day. At least, last time I came here I was, but this time you must be good and send me a line every day. Do tell me by telegraph if you think I may go to a ball given by the Freemasons. You know, darling, I don't know whether it is forbidden or not, as I am only a convert.

My own,—Your letter this morning was a disappointment. I have been looking forward to seeing you on Tuesday. If the "Mud" is really in great distress at your leaving, I will be good and ~~permit~~ you to stay till Saturday, not a day longer. . . . I am glad — has bought the yacht; it was a cheap bargain for him, but we never could have gone about in it. Now, darling, we must save and buy a good one. It would be great fun now that I am, D.G., strong, to go to sea. Do you miss me really? Every moment, my own, I am really thinking of you. It is such a long time since you left. Sometimes I stay awake at night, crying; but I burn a large candle, which only shows me your absence. Most of all I miss you in the day, and I hate going down-stairs while you are away, though I have to do it. Dear darling, come back soon; but if the "Mud" wants you to stay, she must come with you.

From Southend.

My own and *not* my own, as you wont come to see me,—I am always glad to hear from you, as you know. It is very east windy here now, and I think the week will be enough for me. Even — (the maid) was glad I didn't venture out this morning. She said the church was very cold, and it is more than a mile off. The real truth is, I cannot be happy without my "hub," so, if you can't come to me, Mahomet must go to the mountain. . . . It is so bright and smiling now, I should like to go out, but am afraid of the east wind. I miss you so dreadfully. I have no news to tell you, except what is in the *Daily Telegraph*, which they take in here. Yesterday I had no letter from you ; but I am always your loving

DOT.

From Southend.

My own,—How I wish you were here. You would, I know, like the place, and, from what I have seen of it, I think it only wants you to make it quite delightful. To-day it is warm and clear—no fogs or rain like yesterday. I arrived all safe, and no one came into my carriage. The woman of the house seems pleasant and kind. Already my cold seems better. *Do* come down and see me. *I* can put you up. Darling, I have no seal. Do send me the small seal ring. Are you taking care of yourself? I have been hoping to see you here. Why are you too busy to come and look after your "dearest Pet." Where I am is very like Blankenberghe without the promenaders. Do come—you want a change and I am so lonely. To-morrow, D.V., I shall be with you to "bother" you. This is such a comfortable house in the way of rooms and food, but it is so LONELY. I cannot stay any longer; besides, this very cold east wind does not agree with me. Send me some cash, please, to pay Mrs. C.—; if you don't she will think you a myth, and keep me till called for.

My own,—I will, D.V., be *really* with you on Monday morning. I am so glad my darling wants to see me again. I was afraid the fiddle had taken my place. They will not let me travel on Friday, or I should have seen you to-morrow. The "Mud" is better since she has had me to take care of, and she looks well. She is so good, and has promised, now that, as she says, "the spell is broken" by my coming to stay with her, she will come to us in town. I *did* send you a line on Wednesday. It is such a fine day that we must order a carriage to take me out—.

I must write to ask how you got over. I have been so uneasy listening to the storm all last night. . . . I hope dear Mud will decide on going to Spa soon, though I shall miss her greatly. Darling, write and say how you are, and when I may see you on the pier. I have been so unhappy since you left me as you did, but I still comfort myself

thinking your love for me CANNOT have gone. Ever your fond though miserable

Dot.

Sunday.

I have been thinking of you all this morning, and wondering what church you went to, and if you thought of your poor little Dot in your prayers. But I cannot bore you any more, but when I am writing to you I get selfish and say all I think. Do you know I am very angry with you for forgetting my requests. I asked you for the magazines in which you write, and you never sent them. But, notwithstanding, I long to see you again. You have so much to do you can't miss me as much as I do you. No letter from you to-day. I am counting the hours till to-morrow's post. Ever your loving

Dot.

Reviews.

I.—LIBRARY OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.¹

A COMPLETE translation of the writings of St. Francis de Sales has long been wanted, and it is now being prepared by a learned Benedictine, who attempts the difficult task of rendering in English not only the full meaning of the author, but also somewhat of the quaintness of the original text. The first volume, containing the letters of the Saint to various persons, has already been published with Bishop Hedley's *imprimatur*, and will be found an excellent book of spiritual reading for persons living in and mixing with the world. The spirit and essence of St. Francis' teaching, as we are reminded in the Preface, was that Christianity is intended to sanctify the world, not to abolish it; that we must try and be holy not by imitating in the letter the practices of the religious life, for the world is not, and never can be the cloister, and the attempt would necessarily be a failure, but by trying to be good men and good women in the world. For the generality of men the true Apostle is he who makes the way of perfection as easy and as smooth as it can be made without sacrificing essentials, and no one has understood how to do this better than St. Francis de Sales. Even fashionable life, for those whose position forbids them to hold aloof from it, he shows not to be incompatible with the practice of Christian virtues, notwithstanding its inevitable dangers and distractions. The following is the prudent advice he gives to a gentleman going to live at Court:

I would recommend to you the gentle and sincere courtesy which offends no one and obliges all; which seeks love rather than honour; which never rallies any one so as to hurt them, nor stingingly; which repels no one and is itself never repelled. Or if repelled, it is but

¹ *Library of St. Francis de Sales.* I. Letters to Persons in the World. Translated into English by the Rev. Henry Benedict Mackey, O.S.B., with Preface by the Right Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. London: Burns and Oates.

rarely ; in exchange for which it is very often honourably advanced. . . . I would wish that first in speech, in hearing, and in intercourse with others, you should make open and express profession of wishing to live virtuously, judiciously, perseveringly, and Christianly.

I say virtuously, that no one may attempt to engage you in immorality. Judiciously, that you may not show extreme signs exteriorly of your intention, but such only as, according to your condition, may not be censured by the wise. Perseveringly, because unless you show with perseverance an equal and inviolable will, you will expose your resolutions to the designs and attempts of many miserable souls, who attack others to draw them into their company.

In fine, I say Christianly, because some make profession of wishing to be virtuous philosophically (*à la philosophique*) who, however, are not so, and can in no way be so ; and are nothing else but phantoms of virtue, hiding from those who are not familiar with them their bad life and ways by graceful manners and words (book iv. letter ii.)

Again, how excellent are the words wherein he exhorts those under his direction to act in a spirit of holy liberty, which does all by love, and nothing by force ; loving to obey rather than fearing to disobey. This is the holy liberty of the children of God, which he defines as *a detachment of the Christian heart from all things to follow the known will of God* ; this it is which excludes the pernicious spirit of constraint and obligation, and the consequent scruples which are a barrier to the advancement of so many souls.

The soul which has this liberty [he writes] is not attached to consolations, but receives afflictions with all the sweetness that the flesh can permit. I do not say that it does not love and desire consolations, but I say that it does not attach itself to them. Second mark : it does not at all attach its affection to spiritual exercises, so that if by sickness or any other accident kept therefrom it feels no grief thereat. Here also I do not say that it does not love them, but it is not attached to them.

Interrupt a soul which is attached to the exercise of meditation ; you will see it leave with annoyance, worried and surprised. A soul which has true liberty will leave its exercise with an equal countenance, and a heart gracious to the importunate person who has inconvenienced her. For it is all one to her whether she serve God by meditating, or serve Him by bearing with her neighbour ; both are the will of God, but the bearing with her neighbour is necessary at that time.

A person should never omit his exercises and the common rules of virtues unless he sees the will of God to be on the other side. Now the will of God shows itself in two ways, by necessity and charity. I want to preach this Lent in a little place of my diocese ; if, however, I get ill, or break my leg, I must not be grieved or disquieted because I

cannot preach, for it is certainly the will of God that I should serve Him by suffering and not by preaching. Or if I am not ill, but an occasion presents itself of going to some other place, where, if I go not, the people will become Huguenots, there is the will of God sufficiently declared to turn me gently from my design.

Spiridion, an ancient Bishop, having received a pilgrim almost dead with hunger during Lent, and in a place where there was nothing but salt meat, had some of this cooked, and offered it to the pilgrim. The pilgrim was unwilling to take it, in spite of his necessity. Spiridion had no need of it, but ate some first for charity, in order to remove by his example the scruple of the pilgrim. Here was a charitable liberty in this holy man.

St. Ignatius of Loyola ate meat on Wednesday in Holy Week on the simple order of the doctor, who judged it expedient for a little sickness he had. A spirit of constraint would have had to be besought three days (pp. 165, seq.).

The following letter (No. 22, Book 6) is addressed by St. Francis to one of his Sisters on the humble acceptance of those mortifications which come without our seeking them, and which bring no external honour to those called upon to bear them.

Do not worry yourself; no, believe me, practise serving our Lord with a gentleness full of strength and zeal; that is the true method of this service. Wish not to do all, but only something, and without doubt you will do much. Practise the mortifications which oftenest present themselves to you; this is the thing we must do first; after that we will do others. Often kiss in spirit the crosses which our Lord Himself has placed on your shoulders. Do not look whether they are of a precious or fragrant wood; they are truer crosses when they are of vile, abject, worthless wood. It is remarkable that this always comes back to my mind, and that I know only this song; without doubt, it is the canticle of the Lamb; it is a little sad, but it is harmonious and beautiful: "My Father, be it not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Magdalen seeks our Lord while she has Him; she demands Him from Himself. Wherefore she is not content to see Him thus, and seeks Him to find Him otherwise; she wanted to see Him in His glorious dress, not in a gardener's vile dress; but still at last she knew it was He, when He said "Mary."

Look now, my dear sister, it is our Lord in gardener's dress that you meet here and there every day in the occasions of ordinary mortifications which present themselves to you. You would like Him to offer you other and finer mortifications. O God, the finest are not the best. Do you not think He says, "Mary, Mary?" No; before you see Him in His glory, He wishes to plant in your garden many flowers, little and lowly, but to His liking; that is why He is dressed so.

A recent Pontifical decree, as Bishop Hedley reminds us, has enrolled St. Francis amongst those who are formally called Doctors of the Church. Those pious persons who love the "sweet simplicity" of his teaching, have therefore the authority of the Vicar of Christ in taking him for their master and guide; and none, however feeble and faint-hearted, need fear to entrust herself to so gentle a pastor, who so well understood how much allowance is to be made for the frailty of human nature in carrying on the work of the sanctification of souls.

2.—RECORDS OF THE ENGLISH PROVINCE S.J.¹

This handsome volume just issued from the Manresa Press, and forming the second part of the seventh series of the *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*, fully maintains the high character of its predecessors. The historical researches of Brother Foley have already won a well deserved mead of praise, not only from Catholic but also from Protestant reviewers; for no one can fail to appreciate the indefatigable industry, the painstaking accuracy, and the general literary ability with which he prosecutes his useful task. The present volume will not only confirm the favourable judgment passed upon the previous issues, but will also greatly enhance the public estimate as to the valuable nature of the materials which the author has collected with so much labour and perseverance.

The first portion of the volume is devoted to the completion of the Collectanea, or biographical account of the deceased members of the Province. The alphabetical list, here terminated, is supplemented by two appendices and a general list of names and aliases. To these are added a list of the ancient members of the Scotch Mission, and, in a later part of the volume, a chronological catalogue of the Irish members of the Society, brought up to A.D. 1814, and accompanied with short biographical notices.

The Annual Reports made by the English Superiors to the Father General, and those of the Rectors of the Colleges and religious houses abroad in connection with the English Mission, furnish a mass of important and interesting information on the state of the Church in England during the early part of the

¹ *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*. Vol. vii. Part ii. The Collectanea completed; with Appendices, Catalogues, Annual Letters, Biographies, and Miscellanea. By Henry Foley, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, 1883.

seventeenth century. Supplemented as they are from other sources, and arranged in chronological order, they form a short epitome of the history of the persecuted church from A.D. 1607 to 1627. During these years the insidious oath of allegiance, framed by King James the First, and proposed as a test on the slightest pretext and under the severest penalties to reputed or suspected Catholics, became the unhappy cause of numerous defections and grievous dissensions among the Catholic body. Many of the clergy, both secular and regular, headed by the Archpriest Blackwell, were of opinion that this oath, which contained a repudiation of the Pope's deposing power, could be taken with a safe conscience, and numbers of the laity, anxious to preserve if possible the remnants of their estates, were eager to endorse this view, and avail themselves of the favourable interpretation put upon the oath by their spiritual teachers. The Fathers of the Society, on the contrary, were constant and unanimous in condemning and rejecting it, and their course of conduct, though it exposed them to the brunt of the persecution and was the occasion of much obloquy, was proved by the formal and repeated condemnation at Rome of the oath in question, to be the only safe and consistent one.

The reports from the English Province for the succeeding years, up to A.D. 1645, are given in an abridged form, "the originals," says the author, "not having as yet become accessible." In these, as in the previous letters, we have set before us a vivid picture of the hopes and fears, the labours and sufferings, of the heroic missionaries, and of the exactions, imprisonments, tortures, &c., of which their flocks, as well as they themselves, were the victims. We find also many edifying details of extraordinary conversions, miraculous cures, remarkable interpositions of Providence, and signal punishments inflicted upon persecutors, which furnish abundant evidence that in these disastrous times, as in the early ages of the Church, our Blessed Lord made frequent use of such supernatural means to confirm the faith of his disciples, and to comfort and encourage them under their severe trials. Thus we read of Father Lawrence Hide, who had suffered imprisonment and exile for the faith, that

Some years ago, while he was celebrating Mass, at the Elevation of the Host, a child who was present cried out, "Oh, what a lovely baby." On his mother asking him what was the matter, he replied that the priest held in his hands a most lovely infant, and soon began to complain that it had been consumed (p. 984).

And again :

In Lancashire sixty persons were delivered from the cruel thraldom in which they were held by an evil spirit, and as the supposed effects of witchcraft. Among these was a girl, a truly melancholy spectacle, interdicted from food and drink for the space of three years; she often appeared to be dead, and then commenced turning and twisting, and became frightfully distorted. She was at length restored to her proper shape and former health by means of prayer and the rites of the Church, and having first cast up small bits of iron and brass with a large quantity of blood, she began to cry out in a clear and joyful voice, "Praise be to God, it is now gone!" upon which a large torch standing near was instantly extinguished, as though by water thrown upon it, and the girl was perfectly cured to the amazement and joy of the bystanders (p. 1112).

Several interesting biographies, more or less complete, follow the extracts from the Annual Letters. One of the most remarkable of these is that of Father Thomas Woodhouse, S.J., who may be justly styled *the Martyr of the Holy See*, as he fell a victim to his zeal in defending the authority of the Vicar of Christ in the matter of the excommunication and deposition of Elizabeth. This father was originally a secular priest, and had held a living in Lincolnshire in the reign of Queen Mary, but was received into the Society of Jesus during the course of his long imprisonment. His simple faith and ardent zeal led him at times into acts which the heretics professed to regard as proofs of madness, and which many Catholics deplored under the critical circumstances of the times as savouring of imprudence. No one, however, can fail to admire his fervent piety, ardent charity, and undaunted courage. The following trait is both characteristic and edifying. Soon after his examination before the Lord Treasurer,

A smith was called to lay irons on him; which being done, Mr. Woodhouse rewarded him with two shillings. But seven days after, when the smith, by order of the Council, had taken off his irons, he stood with cap in hand looking to be rewarded much better than before, till he saw Mr. Woodhouse attend to his business and little to mind him, that he thought it necessary to put Mr. Woodhouse in remembrance with these words: "Sir, this day seven-night, when I burdened you with irons, you rewarded me with two shillings; now that I have taken them away for your more ease, I trust your worship will reward me much better." "No," saith Mr. Woodhouse, "then I gave thee wages for laying irons on me, because I was sure to have my wages for bearing them; now thou must have patience if thou lose thy wages, whereas

thou hast, with taking away mine irons, taken also away those wages I have for carrying them. But come when you will to load me with irons, and, if I have money, thou shalt not go home with an empty purse" (p. 1263).

We are glad to notice in the biographical portion of the volume a reprint of the edifying history of Brother William Elphinstone, S.J., which has already enriched the pages of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. The life of Father John Meade (*alias Almeida*), which follows, transports us to a fresh scene of missionary enterprise, as his labours were entirely confined to the Brazilian Province. We may congratulate ourselves that the edifying details of the heroic virtues and apostolic labours of this saintly man have found a place in these *Records*, where they will be preserved in a permanent form for the example and instruction of future generations.

Among the letters which follow the biographies, and which principally relate to the sufferings of the English martyrs, there is one of special value from Father Henry Garnett, S.J., which contains the most interesting details regarding several of the heroic confessors of the faith who preceded the writer himself on the way to Tyburn. In this and the succeeding letters we are made acquainted with many edifying circumstances regarding the lives and sufferings of these holy men, which are not to be found in the valuable records of the *Missionary Priests* collected by Bishop Challoner.

The concluding portion of this interesting volume is devoted to matters of a more miscellaneous and antiquarian character. Thus we have an account of the Colleges of Penitentiaries at St. Peter's in Rome and the holy House of Loreto, a sketch and pedigree of the Hornyold family, a history of the Scarisbricks of Scarisbrick Hall, Lancashire, from the pen of the Rev. W. A. Bulbeck, O.S.B., &c.

The volume is adorned with six well executed photographic likenesses of the martyred priests, and is unexceptionable in regard to paper, type, and general get up.

In taking leave of the author, we must again express our gratitude to him for the flood of light which, by his unwearied researches, he has let in to this obscure but deeply interesting period of our ecclesiastical history. These seven volumes of *Records* (the work being, as we understand, completed in the present issue) have made us fully acquainted with the important part which the Society of Jesus has had in the preservation and

revival of Catholic faith in this country during the ages of persecution, and at the same time afford an authentic refutation of the Protestant theory, so industriously circulated by her enemies, that her work is that of a secret and unscrupulous organization, labouring with unbounded resources and by the most unworthy means for selfish and political objects.

3.—THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON.¹

The second volume of Dr. Brownson's collected works opens with an elaborate Essay in Refutation of Atheism, wherein is contained a very complete account of the author's own philosophical system. That system we cannot approve, so far as it asserts a direct intuition of God, which intuition, however, is not knowledge, but becomes knowledge in the analysis of the reflecting mind. "Ideal intuition is not perception or cognition. Perception is empirical, whether mediate or immediate, and in it the soul is always the percipient agent. Intuition of the ideal is solely the act of the object, and in relation to it the intellect is passive." In paralleling this view with the scholastic doctrine about the *species impressa* and the *intellectus agens*, Dr. Brownson seems to us quite to misconceive the scholastics. If, however, by the direct action of God in illuminating the intellect and manifesting Himself to it, the author really meant no more than might be understood of words used in a later essay, we should not have much cause to differ from him. "Why," he asks, after stating the fact of Divine conservation and concurrence, "should we hesitate to, allow our dependence on God, and that it is by His immediate presence and affirmation of Himself as the ideal to the soul that we are able to think and know? Why should we fancy that we can think and know without His permanent presence and direct action, giving the soul its ideal object and light?" Up to a certain point all Catholics admit that God is the light of the intellect and is seen in His own light; but Dr. Brownson extends this doctrine to a degree quite beyond the necessity of the case, and, we will add, beyond what, as a matter of fact, is true.

Dr. Brownson next turns his attention to Gioberti's theories. The latter has his special method of dealing with the schism between the priestly and the secular power.

¹ *The Works of Orestes A. Brownson*, Collected and Arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. II. Detroit : Thorndike Nourse, publisher, 1883.

Of this divergence the principal cause, if we understand him aright, is that the sacerdotal society has lost its control of the lay society, by having lost its former moral and intellectual superiority over it, and yet insists on maintaining the dominion it rightfully exercised when it possessed that superiority; and the remedy is to be sought in the voluntary cession, as far as civilized Europe is concerned, on the part of the sacerdotal society, of that former dominion, become incompatible with modern civilization. . . He denies, indeed, the right of lay society to assert its emancipation by violence, and thus far condemns modern liberalists, but contends that the clerical order should voluntarily concede the emancipation from sacerdotal tutelage, and invest the lay order with an independence that was denied it, and very properly denied it, in the earlier medieval times.

In reply Dr. Brownson has some excellent things to say about the power of the priest, as such, not being essentially in his personal qualities, intellectual and moral, and about that inherent weakness of mankind, which makes the full observance even of the natural law dependent on supernatural aids. He insists that civil government, even within its own sphere, cannot take up that absolutely independent position which it claims, and simply throw off the tutelage of the Church. The Church, he says, has been the great civilizer, and, if civilization is not to retrograde, it must still consent to lean for support on the same strong arm that drew it out of barbarism at the beginning. All these are vital truths; but in stating the connexion of Church and State, Dr. Brownson ventures on certain propositions which are likely to give a false impression. For instance, he says, "We hold that civil society is the creature of the priesthood, and that, in all times and places, it is through the priesthood that God invests civil society with its authority to govern; and that the civil, no less than the spiritual society, under God, rests immediately under the divinely instituted priesthood, and civil society only *mediante* the sacerdotal society." There is a certain independence of the two orders which ought to be admitted.

There are a number of details in which we regret to be unable to agree with our able and excellent author: and we are more and more convinced that it was a great misfortune to him to have entered, by his own gate, into the domains of Catholic philosophy and theology. His suggested improvements are often no real improvements at all. Nor in his perpetual conflicts with the schools does he show the best of temper in denouncing his opponents as mere followers of routine, as forced

to keep to tradition, and as being impervious to new lights. The fact is that they were better situated for taking a just view of things than he was in his comparative isolation. As a grave instance of what we mean, we will take his enthusiasm for Gioberti's view, that the natural and the supernatural are not two distinct provinces, but that the latter is the mere completion of the former. So far as the supernatural builds upon nature and does not destroy it but elevate it, Catholic theologians have always been aware of the harmonious relations. And yet, for excellent reasons, they have always insisted that the supernatural rises quite into a realm of its own, and is not the completion of nature in the same order. Hence we dissent from Dr. Brownson when he writes: "The difficulty which so many feel in accepting revelation as an element in philosophical science, is much lessened, if not completely removed, by Gioberti's doctrine of the supernatural which unites and identifies the supernatural and the creative act of God, thus making the supernatural as intelligible to us as the natural. The difficulty has grown out of supposing revelation to be the revelation of an order distinct from, and above, and intrinsically unconnected with the order intelligible to our natural reason, a doctrine of which the Jesuits and their followers are the chief patrons." No such thing: the doctrine is St. Paul's,² and Catholic theologians generally are agreed on the matter.

Dr. Brownson's error is an utter misconception of the point at issue. For, starting with the definition that "the supernatural is God in His immediate act, the natural is what is effected by second causes," it is no wonder that our author comes to the conclusion that "the Incarnation is supernatural, but no more so than the action of God creating the Cosmos, and indeed is only that act completed, . . . that there is no radical diversity between what is called nature and what is called grace. The distinction is simply that between the commencement and the completion." Every theologian will see what an egregious misunderstanding this is of the point at issue. There are minor blunders of a like character, and, in view of them, our great reverence for Dr. Brownson, for his ability and high moral character, must not prevent us from declaring that his works are not suited simply as guides to the formation of opinions, but rather call for a reader whose mind has already been trained, so as to enable him to correct or reject what is offered to his perusal, as frequent

² I Cor. ii.

occasion shall require. We would add, however, that even the mistakes of so vigorous a writer as Dr. Brownson are often usefully suggestive.

4.—PRINCIPLES OF HEALTH.¹

This is by far the best popular book we have ever seen on the way to preserve health. It is a medical book, treating of all that it is most important for non-professional persons to know on the subject of medicine. Yet at the same time it avoids any foolish advice about details which might encourage those unfortunate persons who are nervous about their health to adopt for themselves first one remedy, then another. It provides useful knowledge about the houses we live in, both houses of brick or stone and houses of mortal clay. Yet there is not a word from beginning to end which could mar the modesty of the most modest maiden. It gives valuable directions about drainage, digestion, stimulants, the management of childhood, manhood, and old age, yet in all its directions it is never dull; above all, the author is clearly a sensible man and a practical man, free from those fads and fancies which so often make the writer on health unreliable. The style is easy and pleasant, and the anecdotes and illustrations which vary its pages make it amusing and agreeable reading.

We turn, for instance, to the chapter on the much-controverted question of stimulants, and cannot fail to be attracted by the moderate view which appeals at once to the reader's common-sense and experience. After stating that the amount of alcohol which exercises a tonic effect on the system without subsequent ill effects is about an ounce and a half in twenty-four hours, and that this amount would be contained in about four ordinary glasses of port or sherry, nine of claret, a pint of champagne, two pints of table beer, &c., he sums up—

Adults who enjoy average health do not require stimulants, but may indulge without injury in the quantity which has been mentioned... Old people, whose failing energies need some support, are usually greatly benefited by the tonic quantity, the good they derive being in proportion to the amount of care which has been taken not to indulge in early life (p. 139).

In a very few words Mr. King disposes of the anti-vaccination fanatics.

¹ *Principles of Health in Childhood, Manhood, and Old Age.* By Louis King, M.R.C.S. London : Hamilton, Adams and Co.

In order to appreciate the wonderful preventive power of vaccination it is only necessary for any sensible person to study statistics for themselves, and not to be led away by those who, as a rule, with little knowledge, have endeavoured to prevent others from employing this marvellous preventive. The argument that some ill effects may be originated from unskillfully performed vaccination is as foolish as to maintain that we should not eat bread because some people have been choked by it (p. 94).

Parents will read with interest Mr. King's advice respecting that much neglected subject—the management of children in their early years and during their school life. We are glad to find from so excellent an authority an opinion in favour of corporal punishment, and a strong protest against that worst of punishments for boys, long written tasks. "It is exceedingly hurtful," says Mr. King, "to give long tasks as a punishment, which necessitate remaining indoors and consequent loss of exercise" (p. 70).

The last two chapters in the book give a number of practical hints how to proceed in the case of the most ordinary accidents, and when some poison has been swallowed. Many a life would be saved if every family had those most useful and simple directions to act upon when lives are endangered by scalding, or burning, or drowning, fractured limbs, or haemorrhage, or a mad dog's bite, and there is no doctor at hand. Many lives, moreover, and much cruel agony would be saved if every one had at hand the remedies for the commonest poisons, given in a table at the end of the volume. We may add that much ill health would be avoided and many a sickness kept away if the thousand and one valuable suggestions of Mr. King's book were to be observed.

5.—SOUVENIRS D'ENFANCE ET DE JEUNESSE.¹

One of the many popular legends current in Brittany tells of a fabulous city long since buried beneath the waters of the sea. Breton fishermen still point out its site to the traveller, and relate how ever and anon the steeples of its churches peep out above the crest of the waves, and how in calm weather the sound of bells chiming the Church's hymns rises up out of the deep. M. Renan prefaces what purports to be the story

¹ *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse.* Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut, Académie Française, et Académie des Inscriptions. Paris : Calmann Lévy, Editeur, Rue Auber 3, et Boulevard des Italiens 15. 1883.

of his Boyhood and Youth with the recital of this legend, and tells how he too, hears, now more distinctly than ever at the approach of old age, sounds, as of another world, vibrating in the lowest depths of his soul. He has long ago buried his faith and stifled his conscience, but echoes, as he confesses further on in his work, of the worship of other days, sweet memories of blessed thoughts, stirred up in his soul by the thought of her who is the "Star of the sea" and the Solace of those "who mourn and weep in this vale of tears," are even now heard to trouble the serenity of his philosophy, and almost make of him in his old age an apostate from the worship of the Goddess of Reason, as pride and rebellion have made a renegade of him from the faith of his youth, and from the God of the Christians.

M. Renan reminds us at the outset that Goethe gave to his Memoirs the title of *Truth and Poetry*, as if, he hints, to indicate that a man cannot write his own as he could the life of another, because in one's own case imagination must necessarily and to a very great extent colour the facts we state about ourselves. M. Renan's imagination, which to an Englishman's plain thinking, will, we think, appear to wear a very pale, sickly, and generally unwholesome cast of countenance, has accordingly very largely reflected the hues of its own pasty complexion on to the facts, in themselves dull, ordinary, and uninteresting enough, of his early life as stated by himself. If, as M. Renan affirms, all that we say about ourselves is poetry—is poetry here the French for "flummery"?—his readers will be indebted to the writer himself for a test of the reliance to be placed on the soundness of his judgments.

The story, then, of M. Renan's Boyhood and Youth, as told by himself, when stripped of the poetry and glamour with which he has succeeded in investing it by the charms of an indisputably fascinating style, will be found to amount to the plain unvarnished narrative of the old story, the history of a "*prêtre manqué*" and his subsequent apostacy with an enumeration of all the so-called reasons which led up to the final emancipation of a great intellect and a noble nature from the trammels of superstition and bigotry. Boyhood, properly so called, and as it is understood in England, he had none by his own showing. That interesting period of life was replaced in his case by a prolonged babyhood. At a time when a healthy English, and for that matter a sensible French, boy is fond of toffy, marbles, and cricket, the interesting Ernest was clinging with all the

intensity of his sensitive nature to his mother's apron-strings, or hanging on to his sister, or, naughty little fellow, making sheep's eyes at pretty little girls, the village rose-buds of the neighbourhood. Renan would in all probability have been a more sensible, modest, and certainly a happier man, if as a boy he had found his level amongst other boys, who would have knocked not a little of his maudlin nonsense and self-conceit out of him.

What he was as a child he continued to be after he had reached man's estate, so much so that we find the shrewd observer, as Renan calls him, M. Challemel-Lacour, making the remark that "Renan thinks like a man, feels like a woman, and acts like a child"—a verdict as to his character with which Renan has no fault to find, because, as he goes on to observe, "the moral constitution described in these words has procured for me the keenest intellectual enjoyments given to a man to taste."

From an excellent provincial school conducted by worthy Breton priests, who taught Renan the elements of Latin, our little prodigy, who was in after life to be one-third man, one-third woman, and the remaining third a child, passed to Mgr. Dupanloup's well-known Little Seminary, thence to the Seminary of Issy, and finally to that of Saint-Sulpice. It is in these chapters that Renan tells us of the "terrible struggle" which went on in his soul between faith and incredulity, ending as we all know now in the final victory of the latter, to the complete and lasting overthrow of the former. Our limits obviously make it impossible to follow the author over so wide a field. Suffice it to say that in many respects the history bears a striking resemblance to that of the unfortunate man, Blanco White, whose story is so graphically described in one of his Lectures by Cardinal Newman, with this difference in favour of Renan, that he had the grace to renounce the idea of going on to the priesthood, when he finally resolved to renounce the faith of his fathers. Of his clerical masters and professors it is only fair to add, that Renan invariably speaks with respect and affection. Of their methods of education, and their theology, dogmatic, moral, and ascetical, he is unsparing in his denunciation. But let their schooling of boys be all that he makes it, narrow-minded and rigid in the extreme, their dogmatic theology tinged with Gallicanism, and their moral and ascetical with Jansenism, let the horrors of an "âpre scolaistique" be

what they will, drawbacks such as these in one little corner of the Catholic Church are a poor pretext to a man of M. Renan's intellect and logical powers for the rejection at one fell swoop of all Revelation and all Christianity.

No, this was not the rock upon which the vessel of Renan's faith split and went to the bottom. The cause of his apostacy is to be found in the self-concentration, the self-sufficiency, the self-conceit, which are transparent in every page and every line of the Reminiscences of the man, who setting himself up against the wisdom of ages, plumes himself upon having discovered and exploded by the aid of German philology and German philosophy the gigantic impostures of Christianity. Singularly felicitous man, to be envied of his fellows, who not having either his wit or leisure for Hebrew studies, and having still less taste and inclination for a philosophy, the depths of whose conceptions is only equalled by the brilliancy and sprightliness of the style in which they are expressed, must be content to grope their way on to end in all the darkness of the old road ! But the Lion of Judah has conquered and parried attacks abler, more vigorous, and more blasphemous even than Renan's, and He will triumph once again as He has triumphed a hundred times before. In the meantime we can only heartily pray that the triumph will be in this case what it has been in so many others, the revenge of "good for evil," and that Renan may yet live to undo in his old age the mischief he has done and the scandal he has given by the vagaries of his youth and manhood.

LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.¹

Messrs. Nimmo and Bain have furnished us with an edition of Dr. Lingard's celebrated *History of England*, of which we can speak in terms of warm approbation. The type and paper are all that could be desired, and the book will take its place as one of the handsomest productions of the press.

It seems scarcely necessary to inform our readers that this important work has secured for itself an acknowledged reputation among the historical masterpieces of the age. On its first appearance it had to contend with much opposition, arising partly from the fact that its author was a Catholic, and partly

¹ *The History of England*, from the First Invasion of the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary in 1688. By John Lingard. In ten volumes. London : J. C. Nimmo and Bain, 1883.

that he thought it his duty to vindicate the Church from the attacks of many an assailant, without regard to the position which they might happen to occupy among the dignitaries of the Establishment. Gradually, however, Lingard's history won its way towards eminence; and at the time of its author's lamented death it had secured for itself a rank which it still retains among the standard historical productions of the age.

During the lifetime of its author this work has gone through many editions, each of which was superior to that which preceded it, for Dr. Lingard continued carefully to correct and enlarge his History until a short time before his last illness. The present edition contains his latest notes and emendations, together with a Memoir of the writer founded upon one drawn up by his friend, the Rev. Canon Tierney, of Arundel. It is further enriched with ten portraits, including one of the author, newly etched by B. Damman, of Paris.

We shall be glad if the success of the present undertaking should encourage the spirited publishers to advance a step further in the good work which they have begun. *The History of the Anglo-Saxon Church* is well worthy of a new edition, and would form an admirable companion to the *History of England*. And if to these two works were added a corrected and complete reprint of Lingard's tracts and miscellaneous writings, we should be still more grateful. All of these minor pieces are of acknowledged historical value, most of them are scarcely known, and some of them are so rare as to be almost unattainable. Many of them were written at the suggestion of Cardinal Wiseman, and all of them had his approval and recommendation. When the historical student had possessed himself of this series of works he would have on his shelves all that he need know of his country from the Roman Invasion until the accession of William and Mary.

7.—ON BLUE-WATER.¹

To follow a sea-faring life requires a very special vocation. For the boy who is truly born to go to sea this calling has so strong a fascination that no amount of hardships, privations, and even ill-treatment can prevent him from choosing it before any other. Mr. Keane, when we met him last—and a very pleasant

¹ *On Blue-Water. Some Narratives of Sport and Adventure in the Modern Merchant Service.* By J. F. Keane. London: Tinsley Brothers, 8, Catherine Street, Strand, 1883.

meeting it was—was journeying on the ship of the desert over waves of sand; now we find him tossing on “blue-water,” as true a sailor as ever climbed the rigging, and relating for our amusement some of his experiences during seventeen years spent before the mast. He was an incorrigibly bad boy, he tells us, and at twelve years old ran away to sea, preferring—although he was a gentleman’s son—the arduous duties of a ship’s boy in a collier brig, to the comfortable home and gentle instructions of a good old parson tutor, full of the milk of human kindness, with whom he had been placed. His object in publishing the volume before us is to illustrate life among the junior officers and seamen of the merchant service of to-day; in it he employs a nautical style of phraseology, and introduces a great many sporting adventures on “blue water.” For the benefit of the uninitiated we must let him explain what is meant by this expression.

By this term, “blue-water,” I do not mean the “deep-blue sea” of the poet or landsman, who probably never saw the ultra-ultra-marine of the true blue sea. For, in order to see it, one must go (off some coasts at least) away hundreds of miles to sea, out of soundings; that is to say, one must have a hundred fathoms of water between him and the bottom—“the nearest land,” as I have heard it called. There—out on the great, heaving, lonely ocean, where the sailor spends his two, three, often four months, without receiving one particle of evidence of the existence of his fellow-man anywhere in the world outside his ship—there is the blue-water. . . . To give some idea of the depth of colour in the dark blue ocean: To the landsman standing on the Land’s End what a charming blue the calm sea beneath presents to his eye! To our homeward bound sailor the colour of the water has now become a disagreeable pea-green (p. 4).

Shark-catching seems to have formed a very pleasant diversion to the author on his cruises, besides affording a welcome change to the never-varying and often stinted diet to which the sailors were condemned. The followers of Isaac Walton will doubtless rejoice in the descriptions of the various modes of catching and killing this denizen of the deep, which Mr. Keane states to be far more harmless than it is generally supposed to be. Under ordinary circumstances, he tells us, there is not a more cowardly or cautious animal, and, far from being an habitual man-eater, the shark only bites a man inadvertently or when unable to procure its proper prey. But even were the shark what his worst enemies have painted him, nothing could justify the wanton barbarities often practised upon him by his

captors, and the cruel and lingering death to which he is put. Englishmen who are horrified at the thought of a bull-fight will do well to remember that the delighted participators—some four hundred people—in the scene described below were almost exclusively their own countrymen.

About six years ago I was serving as a "small officer" in a large passenger steamboat bound out to India. About the middle of the Red Sea we were delayed eight hours in a calm. While we lay rolling about on the swell, a large school of sharks assembled all round the ship The surface of the water swarmed with them, and their devilish green eyes seemed looking hungrily up at us. The distressing heat and provoking delay were all forgotten at the wonderful sight. Rifles and revolvers were brought up by the passengers, and a general all-round fusillade opened on the sharks, but with no apparent effect whatever, for a shark takes no more notice of a few bullet perforations than he would if he were being peppered with a pea-shooter. This soon became a very unsatisfactory kind of sport, and having no shark-hooks on board, some began feeding the sharks with newspapers, chips of wood, and other rubbish, all of which the sharks took inside the moment they touched the water. But even this innocent amusement was beginning to fail, when a junior engineer hit upon a most glorious expedient for getting sport out of the fish. He heated a fire-brick in the boiler furnaces, and then, bringing it on deck, watched the approach of a shark, and dropped it in the water just before him. Nothing more attractive to a hungry shark, in size and colour, together with the disturbance it created in the water, could have been conceived than a hot fire-brick, as the result proved. No sooner was one of them thrown in than it was immediately gulped down like a pill by some shark. The surface of a red-hot brick would lose its heat almost the instant after immersion, but internally it would still contain heat enough to burn its way right through the shark's body, one would have thought. The contortions, springs into the air, rushings, twistings, and twirlings of those tormented creatures with the fires inside them, were indeed hellish to look at; nevertheless the sport was kept up with the greatest *eclat* from all spectators until, our damage being repaired, we steamed away from the scene at a rate no shark could follow for long (p. 74).

The sailors seem to have been expected to be almost as omnivorous as the sharks, to judge by the description of the food, the badness of which was the greatest cause of discontent amongst the men. In fact, it is said that provisions cannot now be procured anywhere of such a desperately bad description as were sent on board ships some years ago.

The bread (so-called) of which we received one pound daily, four biscuits, was that curious adamantine specimen of sea-cake known as

the London pantile. Popular belief said it was composed of ground beans and "seconds;" but I hesitate about doubting a statement that Portland cement was its only ingredient. Be that as it may, it was only less pliable than a grindstone, lacking its brittleness. A captain once gave a hungry little nigger-boy a raw sea-biscuit, but as his ivories ceased grinding when about half-way through it, the captain said: "What, belly-full already, boy?" "No, Massah Cap. Belly no full, jaw-bone weary." I have never been able to eat a whole "pantile" in my life, nor did I ever meet a man who could eat on an average more than two-thirds of his allowance a-day of the best and freshest. The biscuits have, however, a strange attraction for insects and rats, and always by the time they were three months on board, were swarming with weevils, maggots, and consequent dirt and dust. Some sailors affected to like this sort of thing, as a slight change of diet (p. 33).

Mr. Keane also describes graphically the other hardships endured by the toilers of the sea—"down right misery" on some vessels, in bad weather, when the only time allowed for rest and food are two periods of three and a half hours each in the twenty-four; and after a night of strenuous exertion—six hours perhaps at the wheel, steering hard till the horny hands are blistered, or working at the pumps knee-deep in water, with five minutes' interval of rest every half hour—when the men go to breakfast.

What a breakfast! Nine wretches in a dripping den of a forecastle, the salt water running out of their clothes in streams, making a meal off a pot of unsweetened coffee and a nibble at a sea-cake, harder than the knocker of a workhouse door. Force it down, though perhaps you would rather have nothing, but you must eat though you do not care for it. Then fill the pipe, throw yourself down wet upon the deck, and just lie long enough to feel how tired you really are, when the mate comes along again, and sings out: "Pump ship, the watch!" and we have to leave the shelter of the forecastle and go out into the bitterly cold whistling gale again (p. 241).

Such is the ordinary life of a western ocean sailor in winter-time. Nevertheless, old salts retain their physical powers to a great age, the hardships attending such a life apparently only serving to bring out their powers of endurance. The worst is the system of brutality and violence on board some trading vessels, hundreds of men having been wilfully murdered or maimed and disfigured for life during the last ten years on board such ships, which are mostly manned by the dregs and offscouring of the sea-faring classes of various nationalities. The officers give their commands in terms of disgusting abuse, fol-

lowing them up, if not understood and obeyed aright, by knock-down blows and brutal kickings. The lack of proper supervision enables these crimes and cruelties to be committed with impunity, and, no redress being obtainable, the men's only desire is to escape as soon as land is reached. This is a great blot on the English flag. Mr. Keane says that whilst making a passage in an Austrian barque, where he was well-fed and experienced nothing but most civil treatment, he often thought with shame how differently was he being treated to the way he had seen many a poor foreigner treated in the forecastle of an English ship. The mixture of nationalities must in reality often interfere much with the due execution of orders.

There is a story of an American mate who was obliged to re-name all the ropes in the ship, so that his orders could be understood. He took packs of cards and nailed one card close to where each rope was made fast, and named the rope after the card. It must have been rather curious to hear such orders as "Let go the ace of spades!" "Man the nine of hearts and nine of diamonds!" "Haul tight the queen of clubs!" (p. 237).

We must not omit to state that many interesting facts of natural history are scattered up and down throughout these pages. The reader may be amused to hear an explanation of the strange name, "Mother Carey's chickens," applied to the stormy petrel. These little birds, met with at sea and only at sea, on every part of the ocean, thousands of miles from the nearest land, were supposed to lay their eggs on the waves in certain calm regions; and even "to this day hundreds of sailors may be found who firmly believe that the stormy petrel carries its eggs or young among its feathers under its wing, or, in other words, that *the mother carries chickens.*"

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THIS play,¹ which has for its *dramatis personæ* some well-known historical characters of the times of Queen Elizabeth, displays no small amount of dramatic power, as well as poetic talent. Although himself a Frenchman, the author has placed true Englishmen upon the stage. He has allowed himself some licence in the transposition of certain historical details and episodes, but has kept close to the truth in the delineation of character. Cecil, Leicester, Cheney, Hopton, and the rest are all faithfully pourtrayed, and the hero himself, the gifted and eloquent son of Oxford, loved by all who knew him, a Jesuit, missionary, and martyr, forms one of the most striking and attractive characters out of the many Englishmen who suffered and died for the faith. The mental conflict which it cost him to inflict pain upon his friends and appear ungrateful to his royal benefactress, is well depicted by Father Longhaye. The versification of this little tragedy is excellent throughout, and in some passages he merits comparison with Racine.

F. Legnani's *Roma e Costantinopoli*² is a very useful little book, and one which is no less pleasing than useful. After sketching the typical parallelism between the House of Jacob in the Old and the Church of Christ in the New Testament, the writer proves the identity of the Church of Rome with the One Church of Christ by many quotations from the writings of Greek and Syriac Fathers, and by extracts from decrees and statements of the General Councils admitted by the Greeks. The concise and popular style in which these proofs of fundamental Catholic truth, drawn from sources not too well known amongst us, have been put together, suggests a wish that this little compilation may appear in an English dress.

¹ *Campian.* Tragédie en vers. Par le R. P. Longhaye, S.J. Tours : Mame et Fils.

² *Roma e Costantinopoli*, ossia la divina istituzione del Primato della sede Romana, dimostrata colla testimonianza della Chiesa Greca. Modena, 1883.

Father Richards has issued the third part of his comprehensive and useful *Manuals of Scripture History*,³ extending from the beginning of the reign of King Saul to the Babylonish Captivity. The notes he appends to the history are excellent. Thus in speaking of the "boys" who mocked Eliseus, he brings out in a few words certain facts which we confess never struck us in reading the story. We have often heard that the "boys" were "boys" in the Irish sense, full-grown young men, but it never occurred to us to notice what is undoubtedly true, that the guilt lay in the fact that these young men were worshippers of the golden calf, and in crying out, "Go up, thou bald head," were mocking at the recent translation of Elias into Heaven.

But we do not understand the object of inserting after proper names their Greek equivalent before giving their meaning. It misleads, for it conveys the false idea that the names of the Old Testament are Greek by origin. When we come across "Rechab (*Pηχάβ*, horseman)," or "Sellum (*Σελλούμ*, retribution)," the reader is led to think that *Pηχάβ* is the Greek for a horseman, and *Σελλούμ* for retribution, and this in spite of the prefatory note, which most readers will overlook. This is a trifle, but in so exact and admirable a little book, it is of importance to guard against pitfalls for the learner.

An anonymous defender of the claims of Thomas à Kempis against the supposed Benedictine Abbot Gersen, sums up with precision and ability the arguments by which those claims are established, and at the same time notices briefly and refutes the objections which are raised to the theory he advocates. Gerson he declares to be a purely mythical personage, whose existence is founded on the fact of John Gerson, Chancellor of Paris, having written a little ascetical work, *De Meditatione Cordis*. The rights of Thomas à Kempis (whose real name was Thomas Hamercken) were, he says, never contested for some two hundred years, and there exists a contemporaneous copy of the *Imitation* in which it is clearly stated that it was finished and completed by the hands of Brother Thomas à Kempis. But we must refer our readers to the pamphlet⁴ itself for any further particulars. It is beautifully printed, and has at the beginning an engraving of à Kempis from a print of 1606.

The *Sixth Standard Reading Book*,⁵ just issued by Messrs.

³ *A Manual of Scripture History.* By J. B. Richards, D.D. London: Burns and Oates.

⁴ *Thomas à Kempis and the Imitation of Christ.* London: Suttaby and Co.

Burns and Oates, is a model of what such a Reading Book should be. It is most varied in its contents, contains a judicious mixture of pieces of prose and poetry of every style; and each piece has an interest of its own and cannot fail to attract the young reader and leave its impress on his mind. Any one who has mastered its contents will have picked up no small store of historical knowledge, from the account of the stone and bronze period (where we call attention to the excellent illustrations) down to the "Charge of the Six Hundred," told in prose by W. H. Russell, and in verse in Tennyson's well-known lines. We heartily congratulate the editor, and hope that the whole series will be widely adopted.

Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son have issued a beautiful little edition of the Maxims of St. Francis of Sales,⁵ a book which we noticed a month or two since as lately published in America. We are sure that it will be valued as much on this as on the other side of the Atlantic.

II.—MAGAZINES.

On the occasion of the anniversary of Bishop Greith's death, some reminiscences of that exemplary prelate are published in the pages of *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*. He belonged to the school of Görres and Brentano, but his interests were varied and many sided; in the world of literature and science he held no insignificant place. After thirty years of unremitting labour on behalf of the Catholic cause in Switzerland, in 1863 he was raised to the episcopate, being the second Bishop of St. Gallen, a new see, the formation of which was mainly owing to his exertions. In the same number of the *Stimmen* we have Father Dressel's concluding article on the subterranean caverns of Bavarian Austria, in which he discusses the various conjectures of archaeologists as to the purposes for which they were originally constructed. Were they cellars? or hiding-places? or heathen temples? or the dwellings of primitive races? or the retreat of anchorites and penitents of the third or fourth century? The most probable theory, we are told, is that they

⁵ *The Standard Reading Book* (Granville Series, No. VI.). London: Burns and Oates.

⁶ *Maxims and Counsels of St. Francis de Sales for every day of the year*. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

were the sepulchres of the dead, rather than the abode of living men, since in remote times it was customary for nations, where cremation was not the usage, to inter the dead in subterranean chambers connected by narrow galleries; the construction of these caves, moreover, resembles in many points the burial places on the left bank of the Nile. The chief difficulty in accepting this theory is that no human remains have as yet been discovered in them; these may, however, have been effectually concealed or removed subsequent to their interment. The researches of Father Karner, O.S.B., in these remarkable cavernous structures offers incitement to further investigation, rather than a satisfactory explanation of their use. The recent contest respecting the Affirmation Bill in England has unsealed the lips of many in Germany who would fain see the State not only independent of the Church, but entirely unconnected with any religion whatever. In a former article on the sacredness of the oath, Father Lehmkuhl showed how its abrogation would remove the principal bulwarks of society, and that the profanation of it is a tacit denial of God. He now shows the profanation of an oath to be of various kinds: deliberate perjury, which is punished by human law; the violation of the oath, or its abuse, as if a man should pledge himself by it to commit sin, or deliver himself over to the power of another, as is the case in secret societies; or, again, carelessness in its use. It is impossible to deprive the oath of its religious character, and in all European countries it is still regarded as a guarantee of fidelity to the State; but the steady advance of unbelief will gradually submerge this ancient bulwark which is already being removed piecemeal.

In the *Katholik* Dr. Liesen comes forward to pay a just tribute to the merits of Father Kleutgen, S.J., who died last January. It would be difficult to over-estimate the services rendered by this eminent theologian and *savant* to the cause of Catholicism in Germany, and the influence he exercised for nearly forty years on philosophical studies. A Westphalian by birth, he spent the greater part of his life in Rome, where he filled the post of professor of rhetoric in the Jesuit College. The Cardinal's hat was offered to him both by Leo the Thirteenth and his predecessor in the Holy See, but the honour was each time declined. The most important of Father Kleutgen's works is on the *Theology and Philosophy of Antiquity*; this occupied him for several years. All his

writings testify to immense intellectual activity and persevering study, and in all, as the *Katholik* remarks, it may be said that *incessu patuit doctor*. Justizrath Reinhard contributes a short article comparing the biblical narrative of Joseph with the history of Bellerophon in the Sixth Book of the Iliad, and that of Hippolytus as related by Euripides. The points of similarity are so striking as to suggest the idea that the first-named was not unknown to the Greek poets; and not less striking is the dissimilarity between the pagan view of sin and its consequences, and that held by a worshipper of the true God.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (Nos. 790 and 791) deplores the lamentable effects of the usurpation by the State of the natural rights of the individual and of families. The control exercised over public instruction of the young in Italy results not only in the unbelief and immorality consequent on the elimination of the religious element, but—as recent examinations have proved—in lowering considerably the standard of literary proficiency in the lyceums and colleges. The *reform of studies* has introduced the bad system of cramming the pupils by obliging them to study the numerous list of subjects simultaneously instead of successively; the staff of professors also is inferior and inefficient. The same number contains a notice of the works of Paolo Ferrari, who is by almost common consent considered to stand foremost among modern Italian dramatists. The *Civiltà* attributes his success to the way in which he truckles to popular taste, falling in with the notions of the day with regard to duelling, suicides, &c., and ignoring the duty man owes his Creator. The style of his plays moreover is, we are told, flashy and false, the plots extravagant, and the characters unreal; the language teems with gallicisms, and offences against morality and even decorum are so frequent as to render the plays unfit for representation in the presence of young people. Another article of interest treats of the lowest forms of inorganic life, the study of which is useful as demonstrating how definitely marked is the separation between vegetable life and animal life, even in the most primitive types.



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Sauce Ladles	1 3	"
Toddy, "	1 3	"
Gravy Spoons	5 0	"
Soup Ladles	7 6	"
Sugar Tongs	1 6	"

PERRY AND CO., LIMITED,
18, 19 and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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